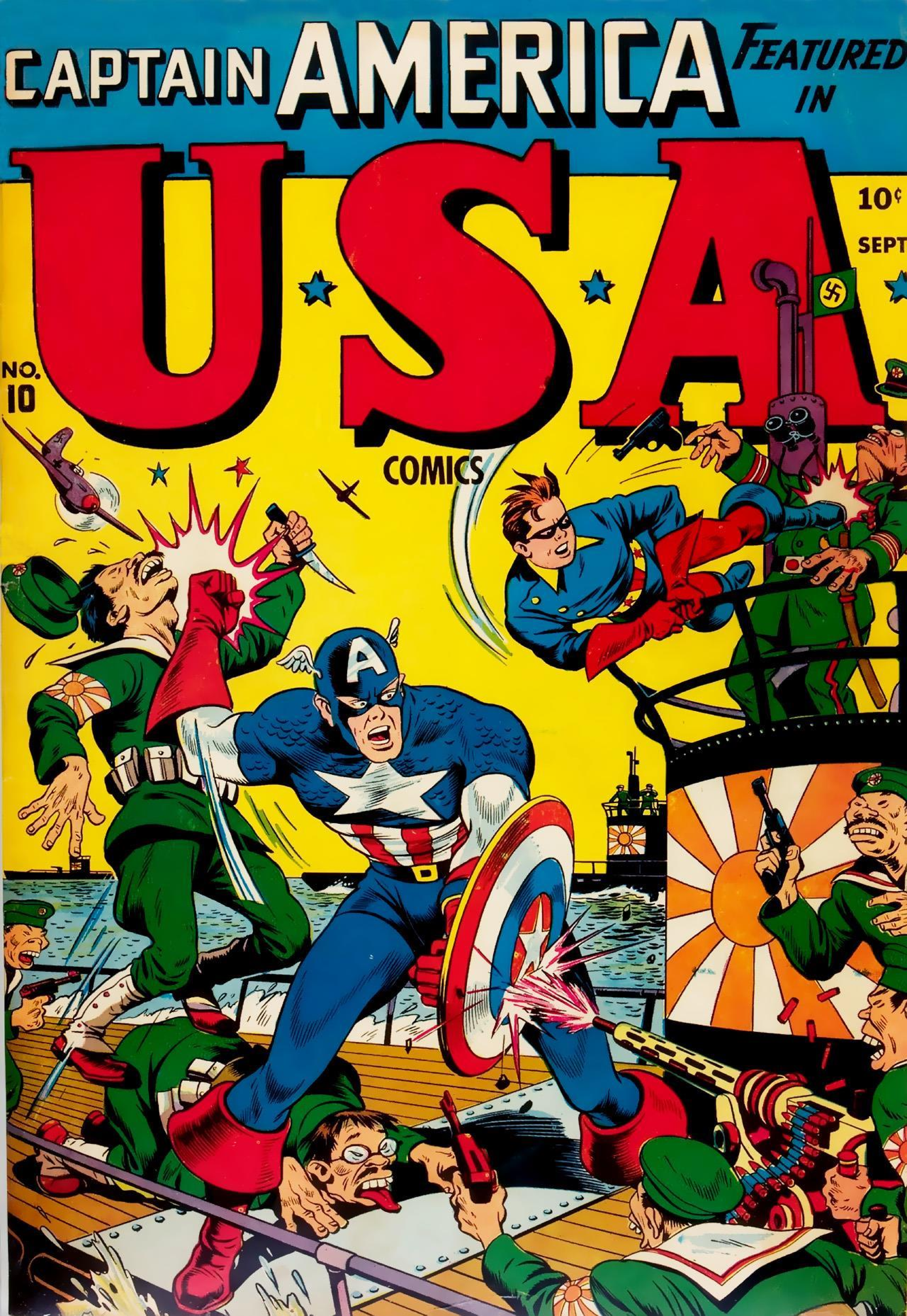
CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

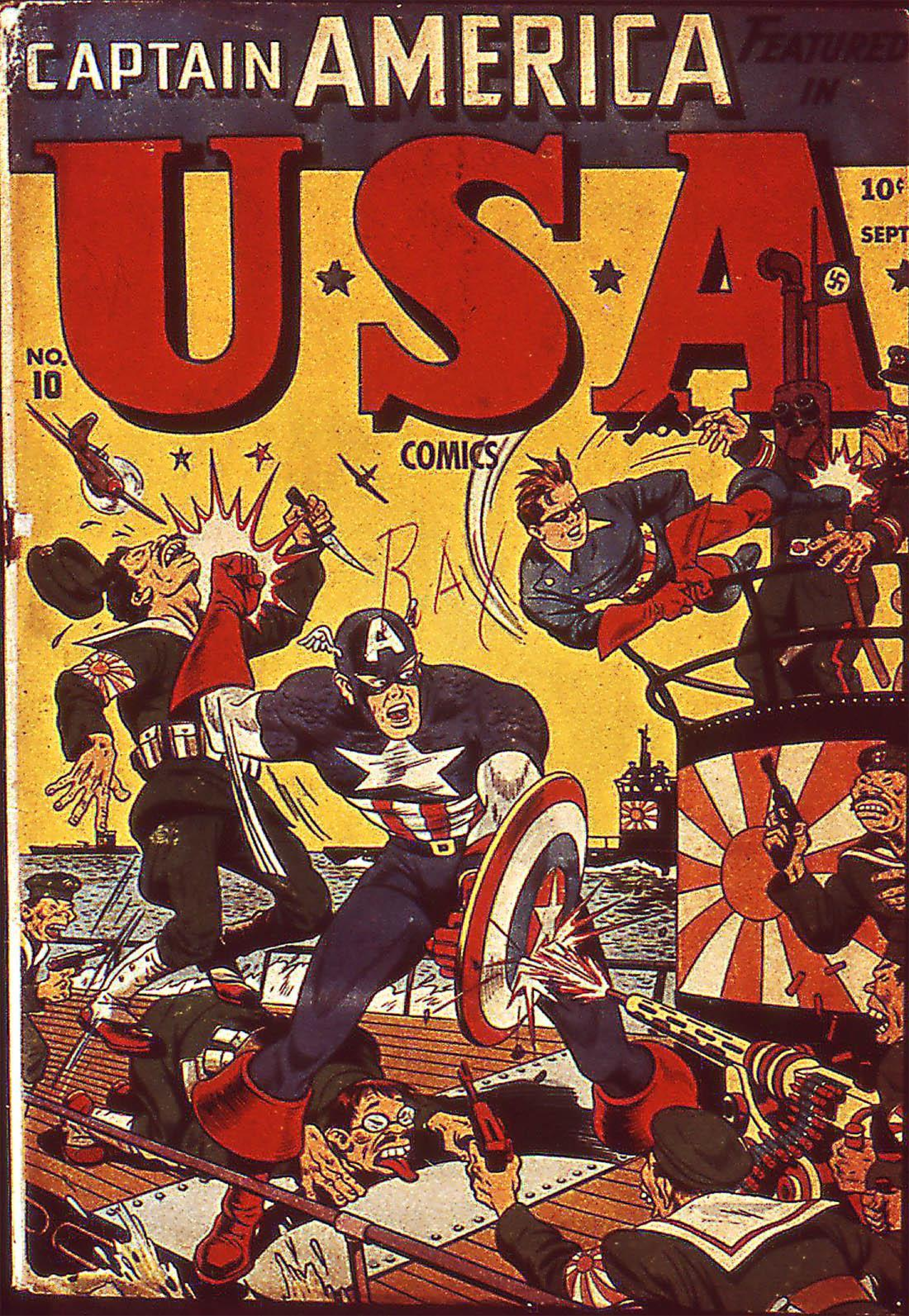
U.S.A COMICS

10¢

SEPT

NO. 10




CAPTAIN AMERICA
FEATURED IN
U.S.A.
COMICS
NO. 10
10¢
SEPT

MONEY
& PRIZES
for YOU!

OVER
100 SWELL PRIZES

Yes, sir, just wait until your chums see you working experiments with YOUR complete Chemistry Set! Wait until they see you sporting that new first-base mitt or that big fishing kit, or any number of wonderful prizes that you'll choose from my big new catalog! Their eyes will pop open then, we'll betcha!

Well, you don't have to WAIT any longer to get started on the road to fun and success! These fine prizes are yours for the earning—STARTING TODAY! All you'll do is to deliver Collier's magazines to customers you'll obtain in your own neighborhood! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, and you'll find it's the easiest thing you've ever done!

PROFITS

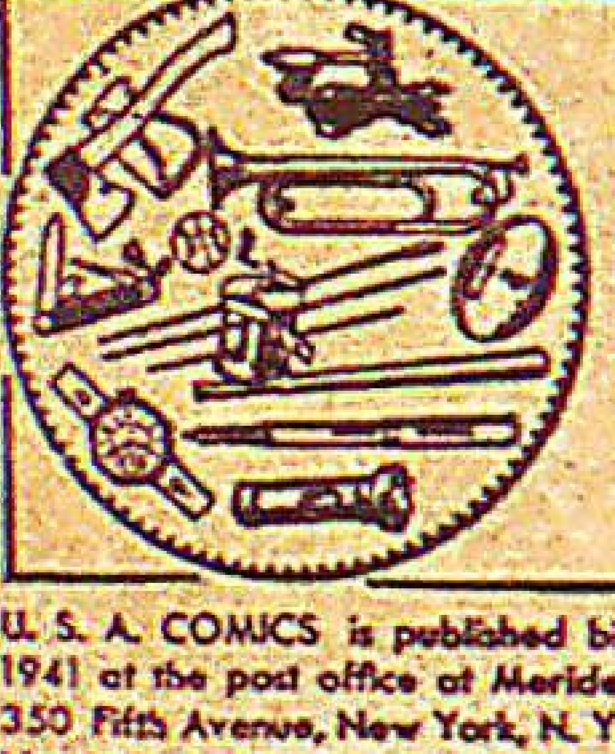
You'll earn plenty of spending money, too! One fourth of all the cash you'll handle will be your profit! Fill your pockets with nickels, dimes and quarters! Keep 'em jinglin'! Be a business success! Fill out and clip the coupon at the bottom of this page, then mail it to me! Do it NOW!

WAR STAMPS

With our Country at war, we ALL want to do our most to slap the Jap and knock out the Nazi! Here's your chance to be the neighborhood Ranger by earning War Stamps through your Collier's Sales! Give Uncle Sam a boost toward Victory! For details, mail the coupon to me NOW!

Don't Delay—Do It Today!

Fill Out and MAIL This COUPON NOW!



Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 966
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Sure, I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing the prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name..Address..

City..State..Your Age......

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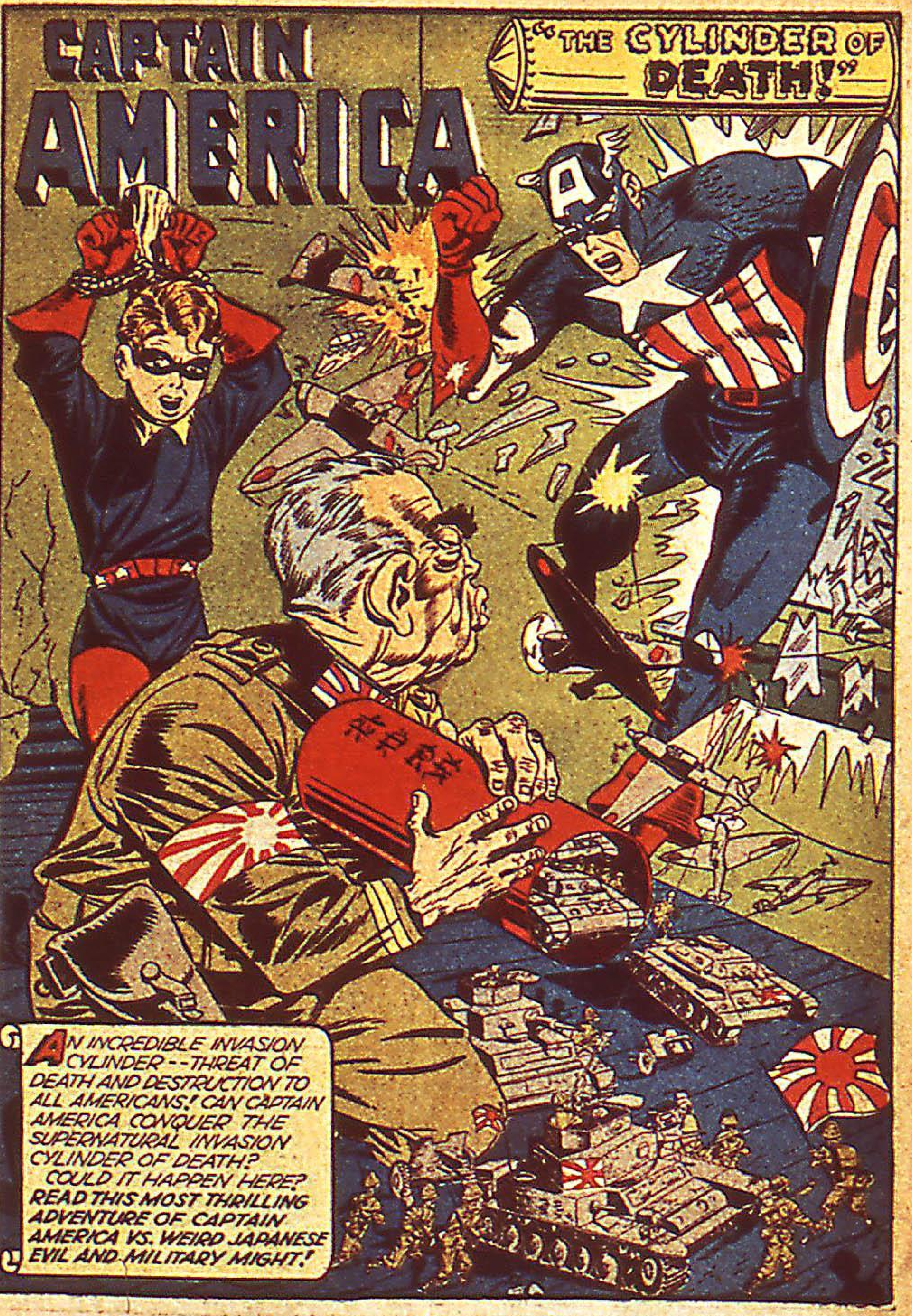
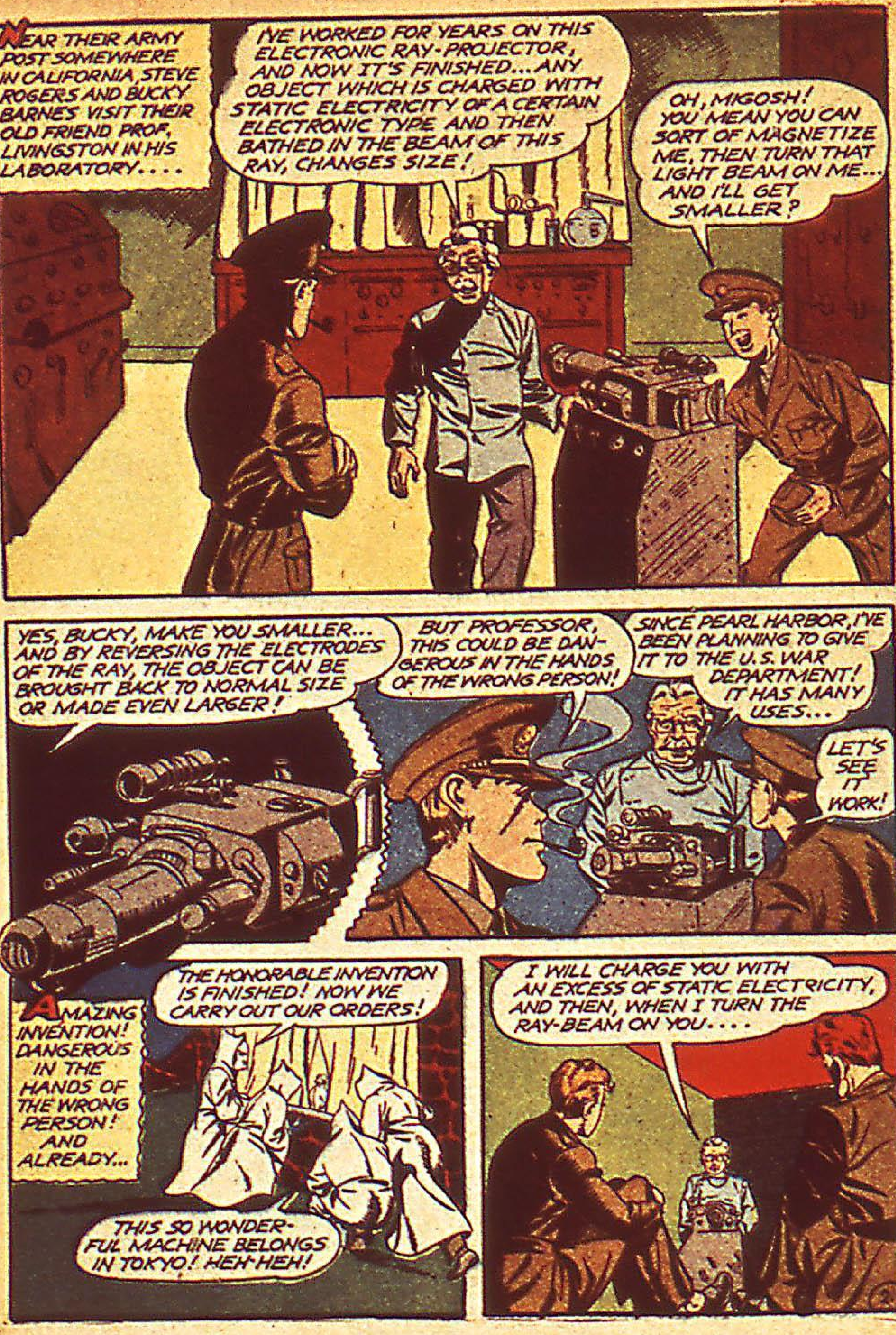
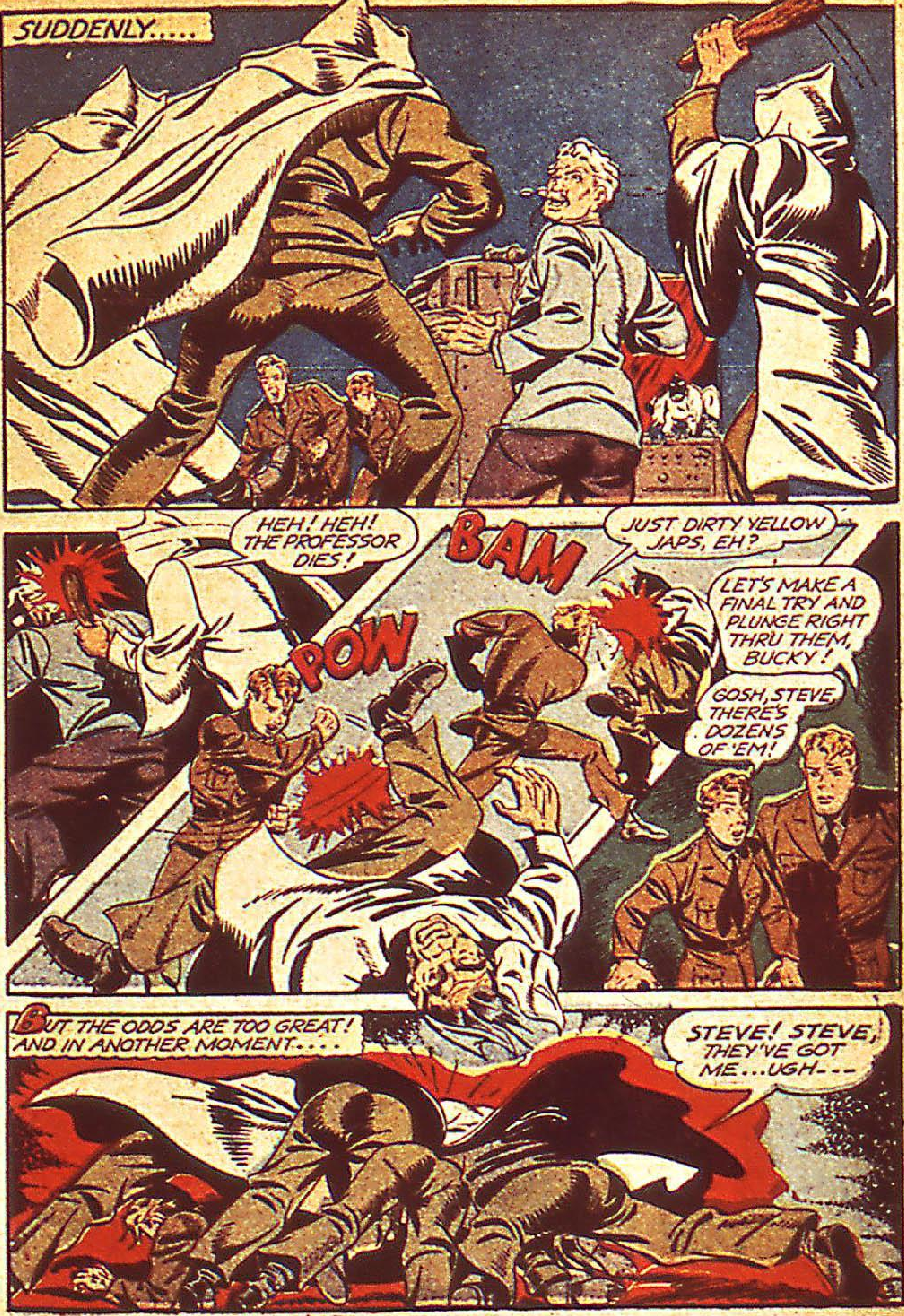
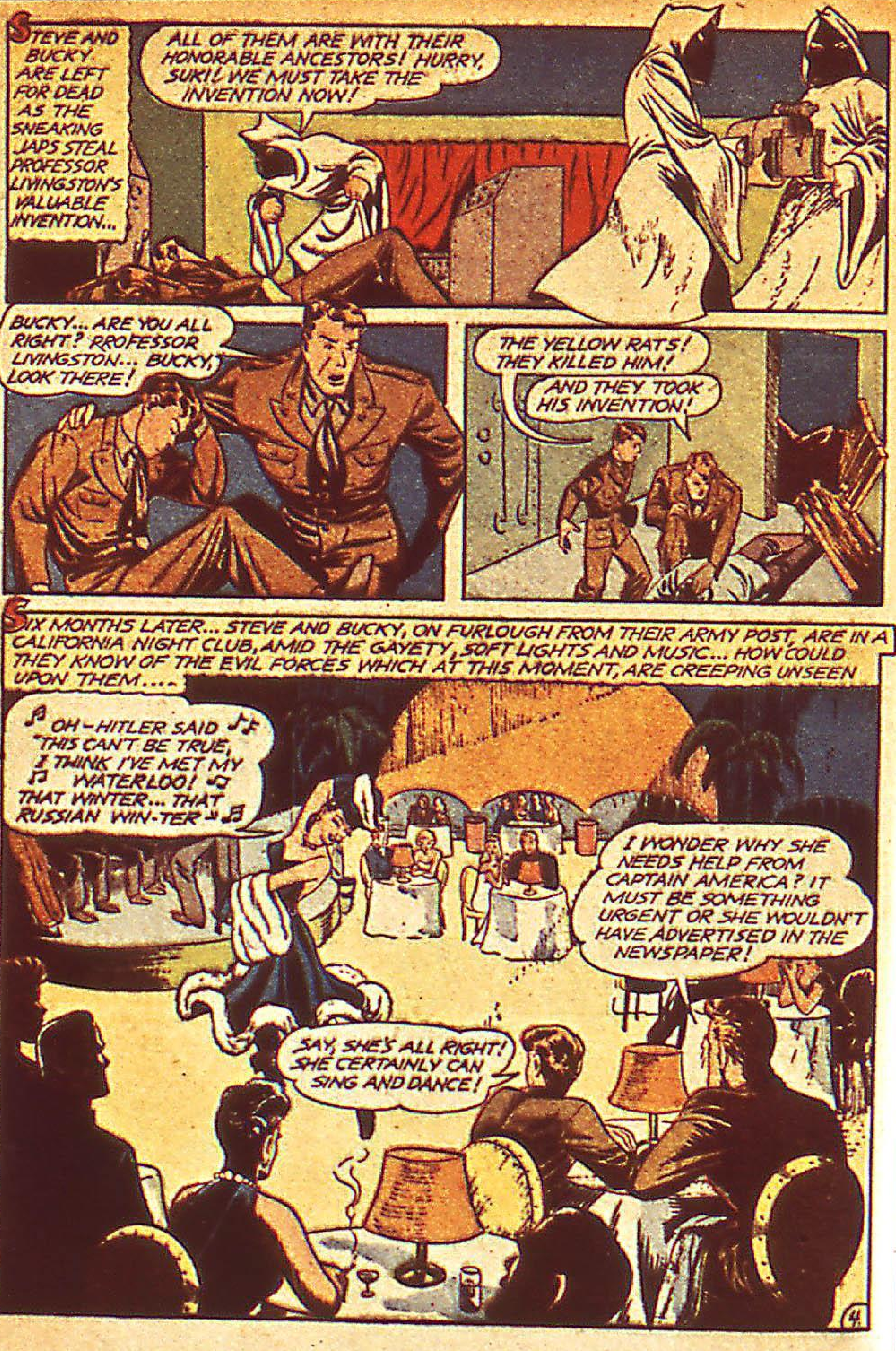
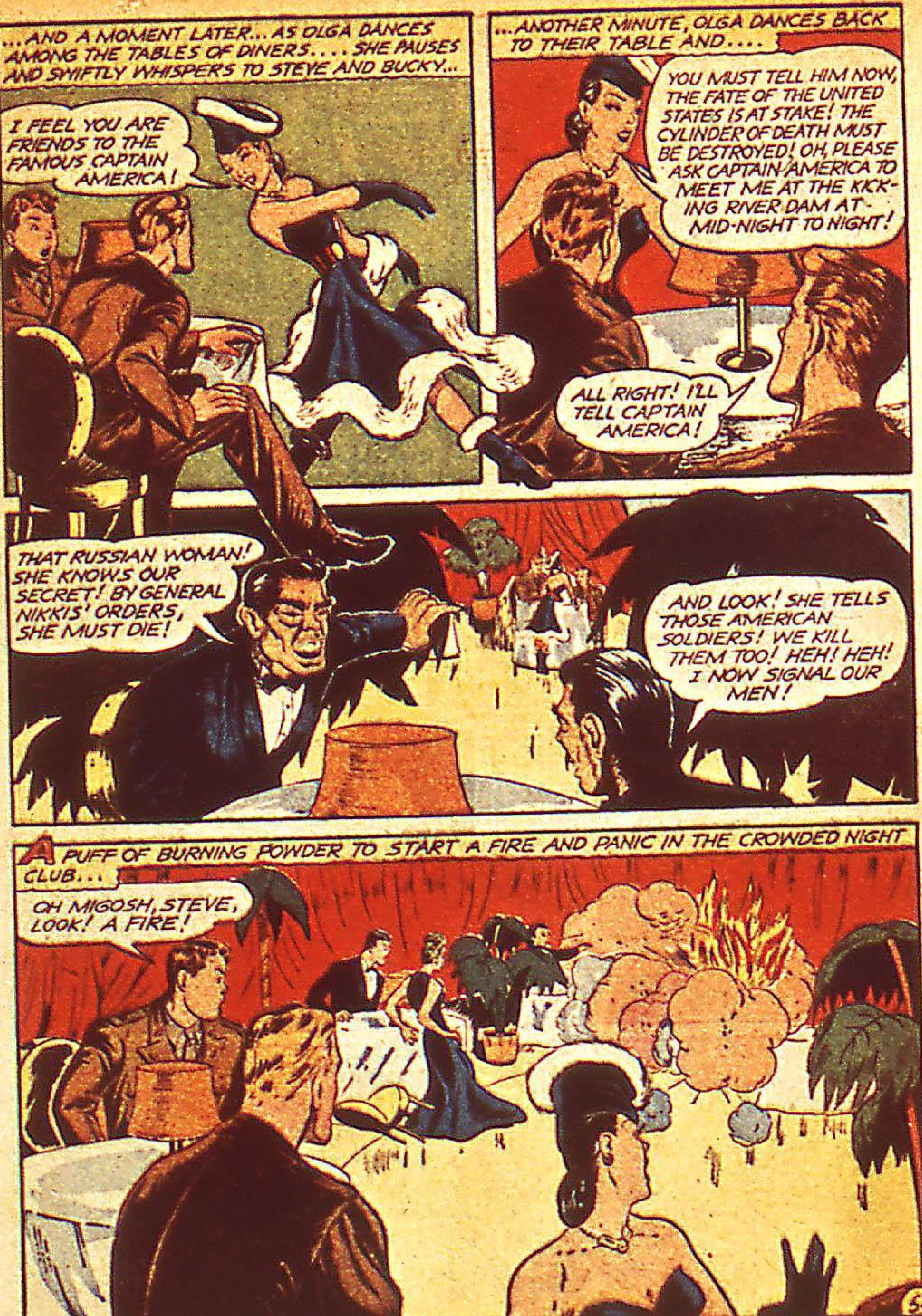
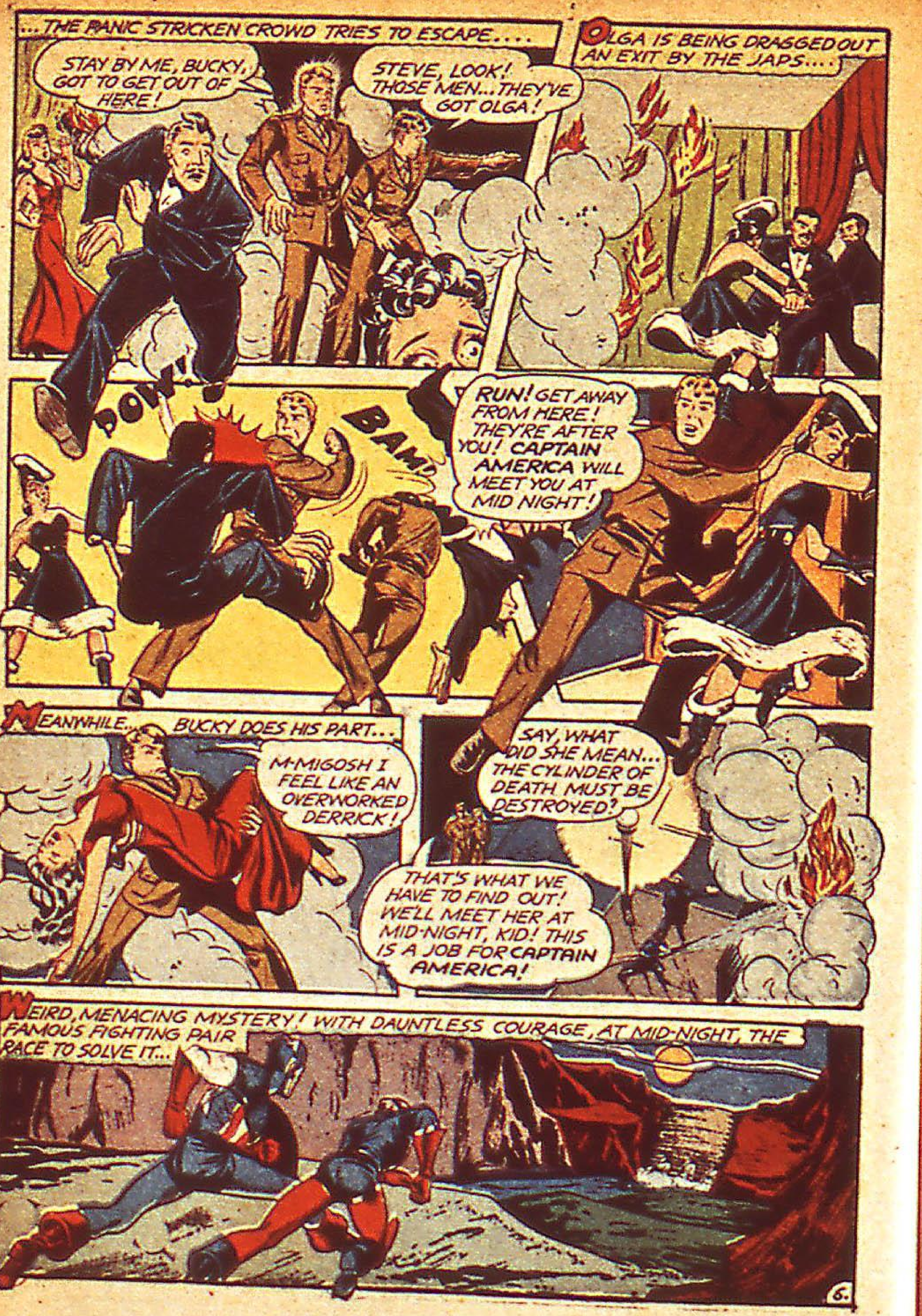

CAPTAIN AMERICA
"THE CYLINDER OF DEATH!"
AN INCREDIBLE INVASION CYLINDER--THREAT OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO ALL AMERICANS! CAN CAPTAIN AMERICA CONQUER THE SUPERNATURAL INVASION CYLINDER OF DEATH?
COULD IT HAPPEN HERE? READ THIS MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA VS. WEIRD JAPANESE EVIL AND MILITARY MIGHT!

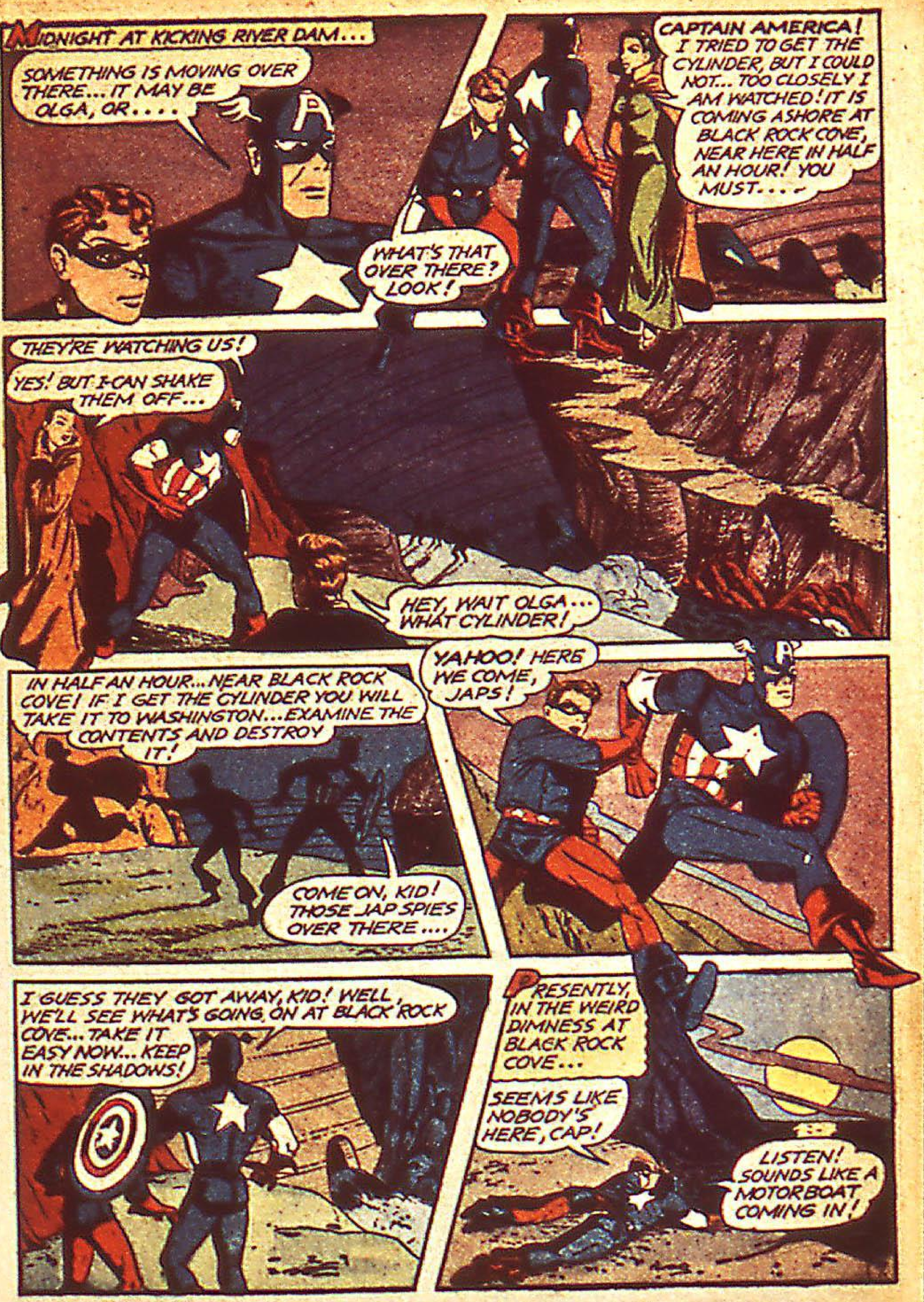

NEAR THEIR ARMY POST SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA, STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES VISIT THEIR OLD FRIEND PROF. LIVINGSTON IN HIS LABORATORY....
I'VE WORKED FOR YEARS ON THIS ELECTRONIC RAY-PROJECTOR, AND NOW IT'S FINISHED... ANY OBJECT WHICH IS CHARGED WITH STATIC ELECTRICITY OF A CERTAIN ELECTRONIC TYPE AND THEN BATHED IN THE BEAM OF THIS RAY, CHANGES SIZE!
OH, MIGOSH! YOU MEAN YOU CAN SORT OF MAGNETIZE ME, THEN TURN THAT LIGHT BEAM ON ME... AND I'LL GET SMALLER?
YES, BUCKY, MAKE YOU SMALLER... AND BY REVERSING THE ELECTRODES OF THE RAY, THE OBJECT CAN BE BROUGHT BACK TO NORMAL SIZE OR MADE EVEN LARGER!
BUT PROFESSOR, THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS IN THE HANDS OF THE WRONG PERSON!
SINCE PEARL HARBOR, I'VE BEEN PLANNING TO GIVE IT TO THE U.S. WAR DEPARTMENT! IT HAS MANY USES...
LET'S SEE IT WORK!
AMAZING INVENTION! DANGEROUS IN THE HANDS OF THE WRONG PERSON! AND ALREADY...
THE HONORABLE INVENTION IS FINISHED! NOW WE CARRY OUT OUR ORDERS!
THIS SO WONDERFUL MACHINE BELONGS IN TOKYO! HEH-HEH!
I WILL CHARGE YOU WITH AN EXCESS OF STATIC ELECTRICITY, AND THEN, WHEN I TURN THE RAY-BEAM ON YOU...
2

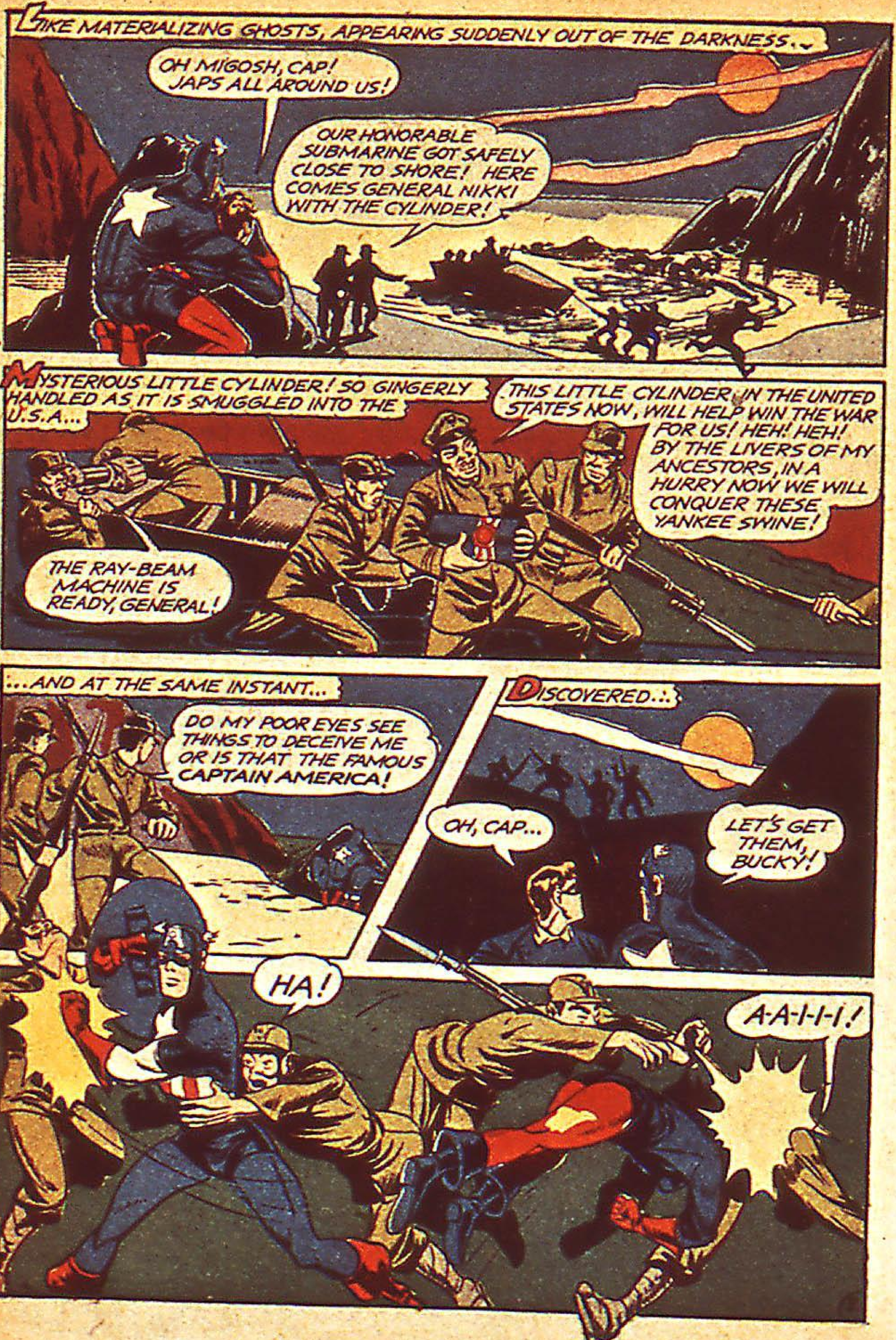

SUDDENLY.....
HEH! HEH! THE PROFESSOR DIES!
BAM
JUST DIRTY YELLOW JAPS, EH?
POW
LET'S MAKE A FINAL TRY AND PLUNGE RIGHT THRU THEM, BUCKY!
GOSH, STEVE, THERE'S DOZENS OF 'EM!
BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT! AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT....
STEVE! STEVE, THEY'VE GOT ME...UGH---

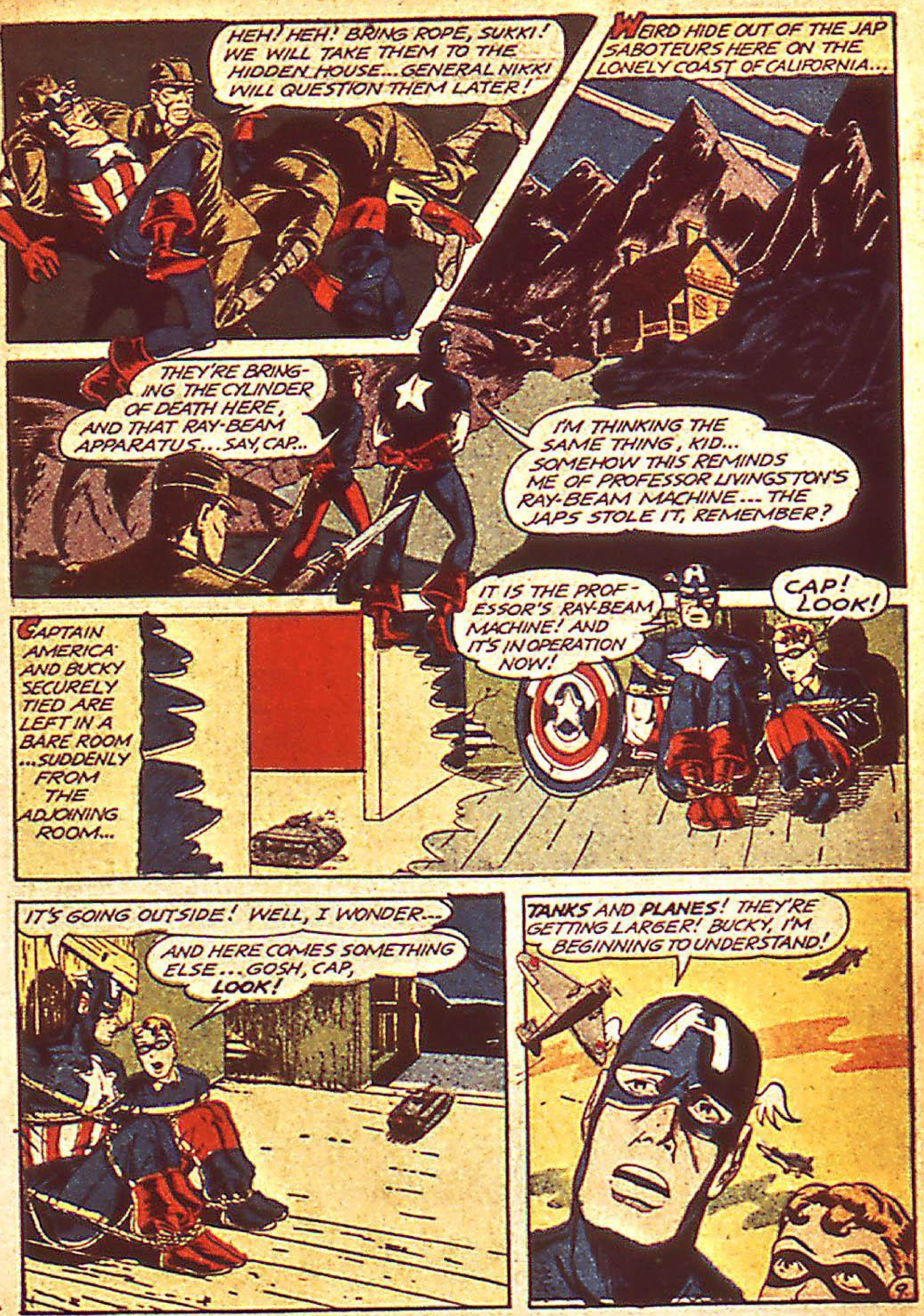

STEVE AND BUCKY ARE LEFT FOR DEAD AS THE SNEAKING JAPS STEAL PROFESSOR LIVINGSTON'S VALUABLE INVENTION...
ALL OF THEM ARE WITH THEIR HONORABLE ANCESTORS! HURRY, SUKI! WE MUST TAKE THE INVENTION NOW!
BUCKY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? PROFESSOR LIVINGSTON... BUCKY, LOOK THERE!
THE YELLOW RATS! THEY KILLED HIM!
AND THEY TOOK HIS INVENTION!
SIX MONTHS LATER... STEVE AND BUCKY, ON FURLOUGH FROM THEIR ARMY POST, ARE IN A CALIFORNIA NIGHT CLUB, AMID THE GAYETY, SOFT LIGHTS AND MUSIC... HOW COULD THEY KNOW OF THE EVIL FORCES WHICH AT THIS MOMENT, ARE CREEPING UNSEEN UPON THEM....
♪ OH—HITLER SAID ♪ "THIS CAN'T BE TRUE, I THINK I'VE MET MY ♪ WATERLOO! ♪ THAT WINTER... THAT RUSSIAN WIN-TER" ♪
I WONDER WHY SHE NEEDS HELP FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA? IT MUST BE SOMETHING URGENT OR SHE WOULDN'T HAVE ADVERTISED IN THE NEWSPAPER!
SAY, SHE'S ALL RIGHT! SHE CERTAINLY CAN SING AND DANCE!

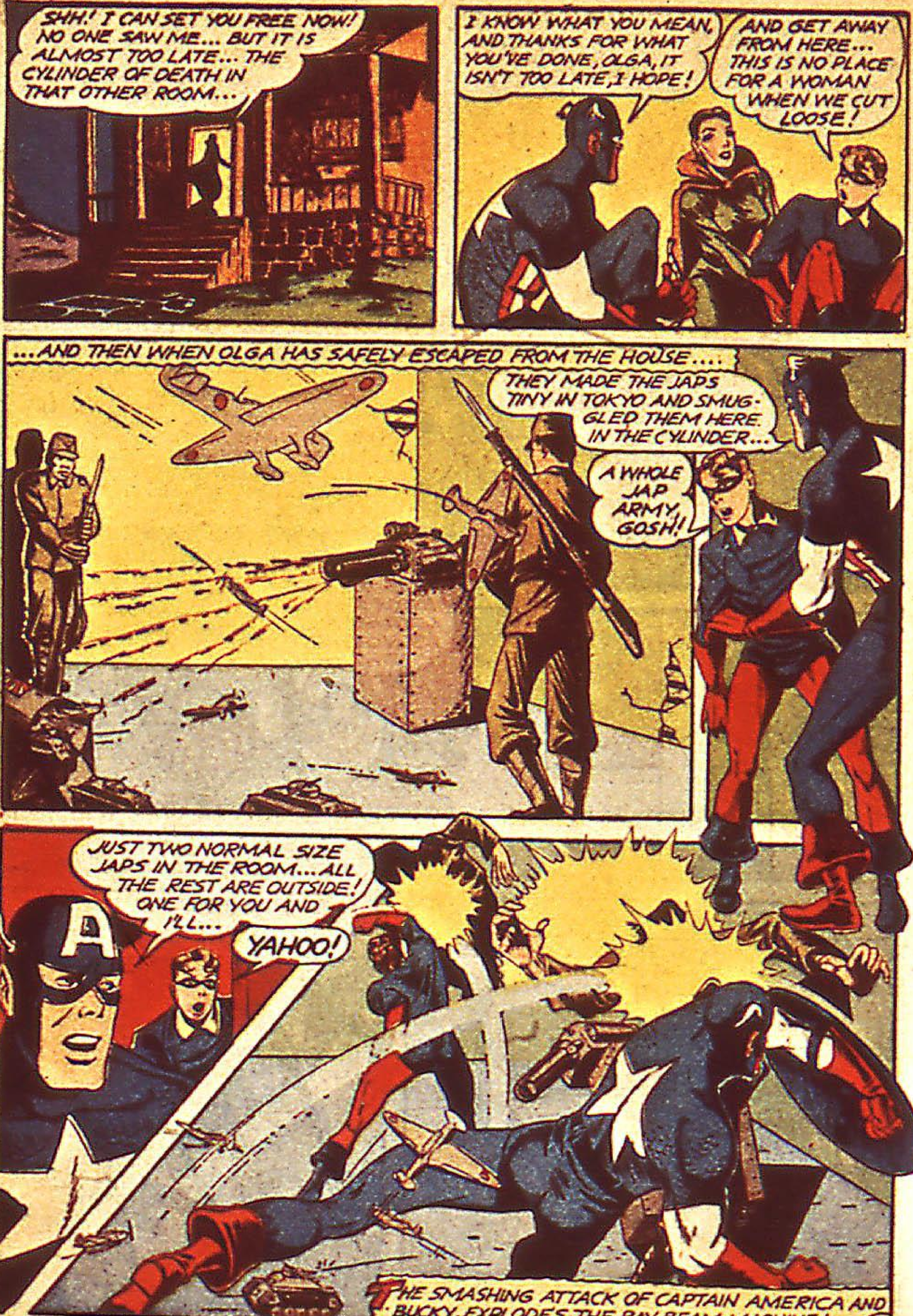

...AND A MOMENT LATER... AS OLGA DANCES AMONG THE TABLES OF DINERS.... SHE PAUSES AND SWIFTLY WHISPERS TO STEVE AND BUCKY...
I FEEL YOU ARE FRIENDS TO THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
...ANOTHER MINUTE, OLGA DANCES BACK TO THEIR TABLE AND....
YOU MUST TELL HIM NOW, THE FATE OF THE UNITED STATES IS AT STAKE! THE CYLINDER OF DEATH MUST BE DESTROYED! OH, PLEASE ASK CAPTAIN AMERICA TO MEET ME AT THE KICKING RIVER DAM AT MID-NIGHT TO NIGHT!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THAT RUSSIAN WOMAN! SHE KNOWS OUR SECRET! BY GENERAL NIKKIS' ORDERS, SHE MUST DIE!
AND LOOK! SHE TELLS THOSE AMERICAN SOLDIERS! WE KILL THEM TOO! HEH! HEH! I NOW SIGNAL OUR MEN!
A PUFF OF BURNING POWDER TO START A FIRE AND PANIC IN THE CROWDED NIGHT CLUB...
OH MIGOSH, STEVE, LOOK! A FIRE!

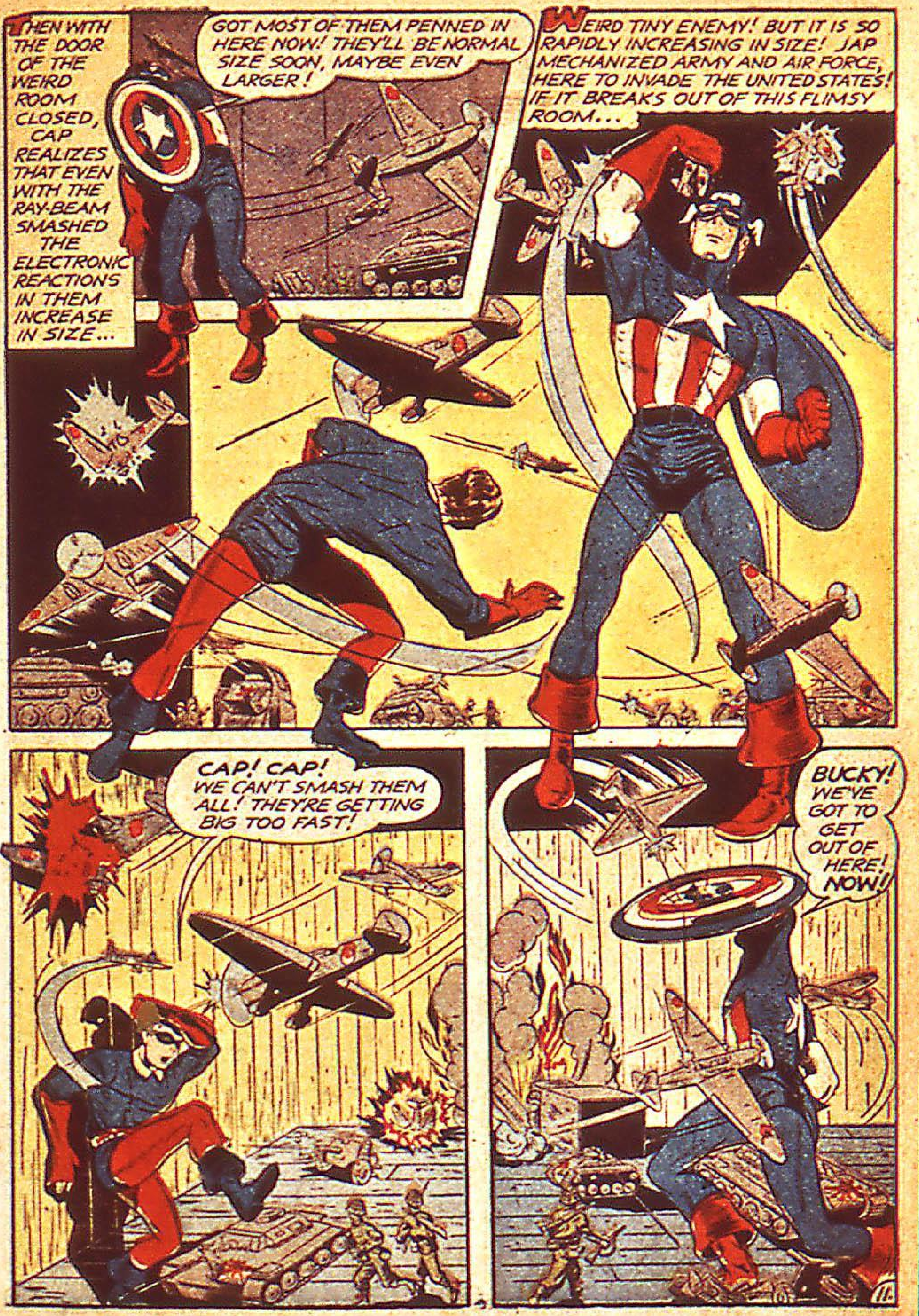

...THE PANIC STRICKEN CROWD TRIES TO ESCAPE....
STAY BY ME, BUCKY, GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
STEVE, LOOK! THOSE MEN...THEY'VE GOT OLGA!
OLGA IS BEING DRAGGED OUT AN EXIT BY THE JAPS...
POW
BAM
RUN! GET AWAY FROM HERE! THEY'RE AFTER YOU! CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL MEET YOU AT MID NIGHT!
MEANWHILE... BUCKY DOES HIS PART...
M-MIGOSH I FEEL LIKE AN OVERWORKED DERRICK!
SAY, WHAT DID SHE MEAN... THE CYLINDER OF DEATH MUST BE DESTROYED?
THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO FIND OUT! WE'LL MEET HER AT MID-NIGHT, KID! THIS IS A JOB FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WEIRD, MENACING MYSTERY! WITH DAUNTLESS COURAGE, AT MID-NIGHT, THE FAMOUS FIGHTING PAIR RACE TO SOLVE IT...

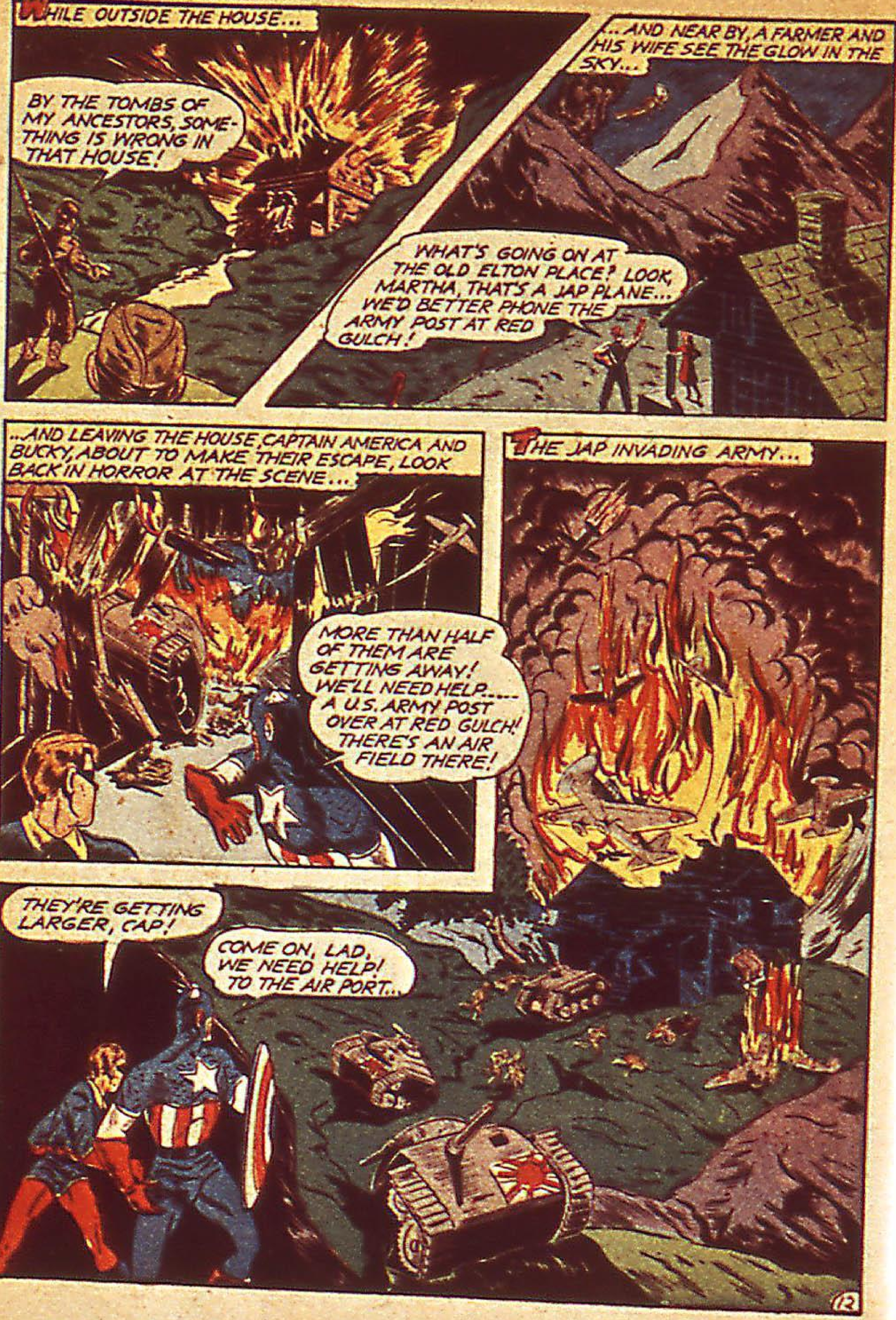

MIDNIGHT AT KICKING RIVER DAM...
SOMETHING IS MOVING OVER THERE... IT MAY BE OLGA, OR....
CAPTAIN AMERICA! I TRIED TO GET THE CYLINDER, BUT I COULD NOT... TOO CLOSELY I AM WATCHED! IT IS COMING ASHORE AT BLACK ROCK COVE, NEAR HERE IN HALF AN HOUR! YOU MUST....
WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE? LOOK!
THEY'RE WATCHING US!
YES! BUT I CAN SHAKE THEM OFF...
HEY, WAIT OLGA... WHAT CYLINDER!
IN HALF AN HOUR...NEAR BLACK ROCK COVE! IF I GET THE CYLINDER YOU WILL TAKE IT TO WASHINGTON...EXAMINE THE CONTENTS AND DESTROY IT!
COME ON, KID! THOSE JAP SPIES OVER THERE....
YAHOO! HERE WE COME, JAPS!
I GUESS THEY GOT AWAY, KID! WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT'S GOING ON AT BLACK ROCK COVE... TAKE IT EASY NOW... KEEP IN THE SHADOWS!
PRESENTLY, IN THE WEIRD DIMNESS AT BLACK ROCK COVE...
SEEMS LIKE NOBODY'S HERE, CAP!
LISTEN! SOUNDS LIKE A MOTORBOAT COMING IN!

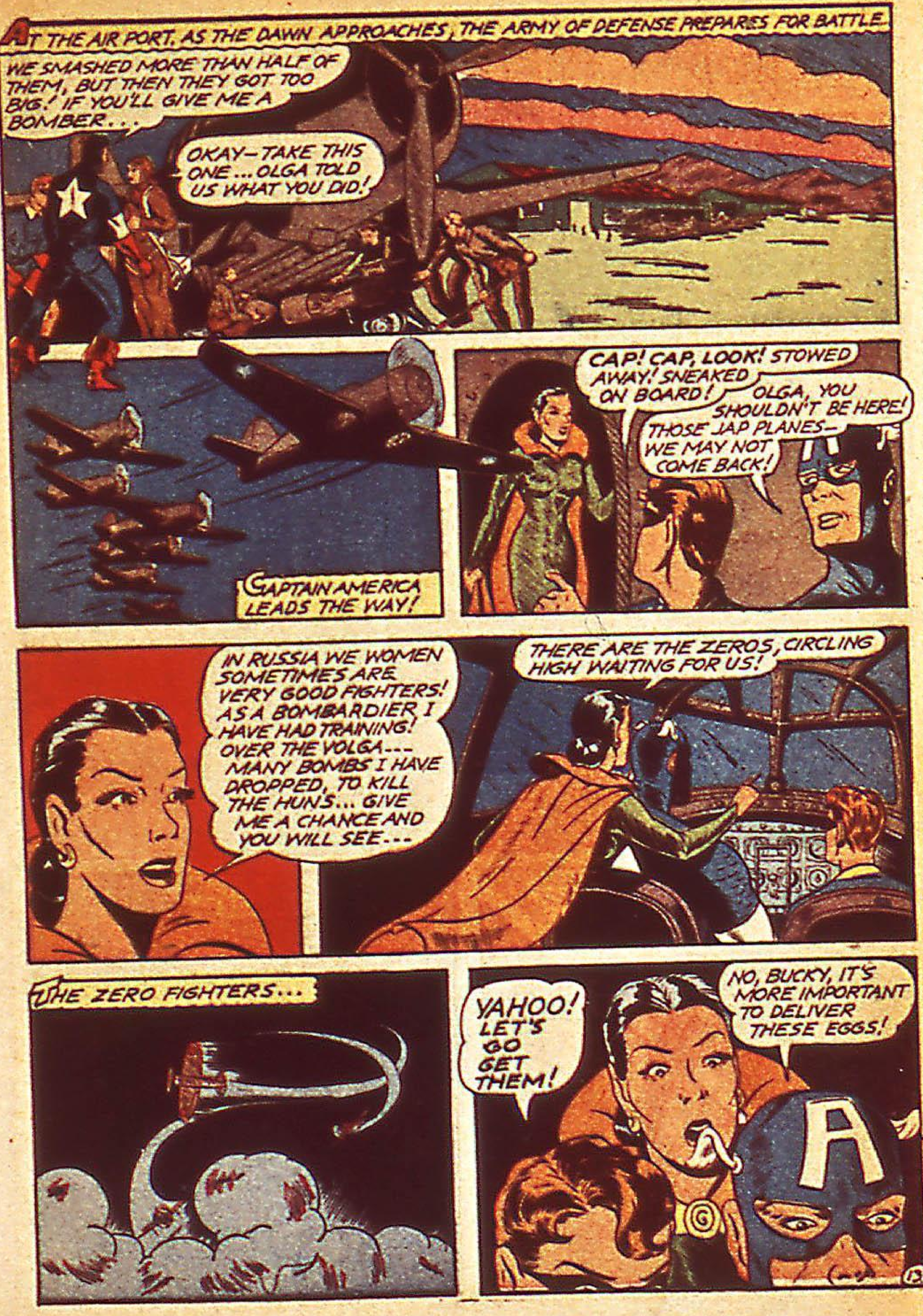

LIKE MATERIALIZING GHOSTS, APPEARING SUDDENLY OUT OF THE DARKNESS...
OH MIGOSH, CAP! JAPS ALL AROUND US!
OUR HONORABLE SUBMARINE GOT SAFELY CLOSE TO SHORE! HERE COMES GENERAL NIKKI WITH THE CYLINDER!
MYSTERIOUS LITTLE CYLINDER! SO GINGERLY HANDLED AS IT IS SMUGGLED INTO THE U.S.A...
THIS LITTLE CYLINDER, IN THE UNITED STATES NOW, WILL HELP WIN THE WAR FOR US! HEH! HEH! BY THE LIVERS OF MY ANCESTORS, IN A HURRY NOW WE WILL CONQUER THESE YANKEE SWINE!
THE RAY-BEAM MACHINE IS READY, GENERAL!
...AND AT THE SAME INSTANT...
DO MY POOR EYES SEE THINGS TO DECEIVE ME OR IS THAT THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
DISCOVERED...
OH, CAP...
LET'S GET THEM, BUCKY!
HA!
A-A-I-I-I!

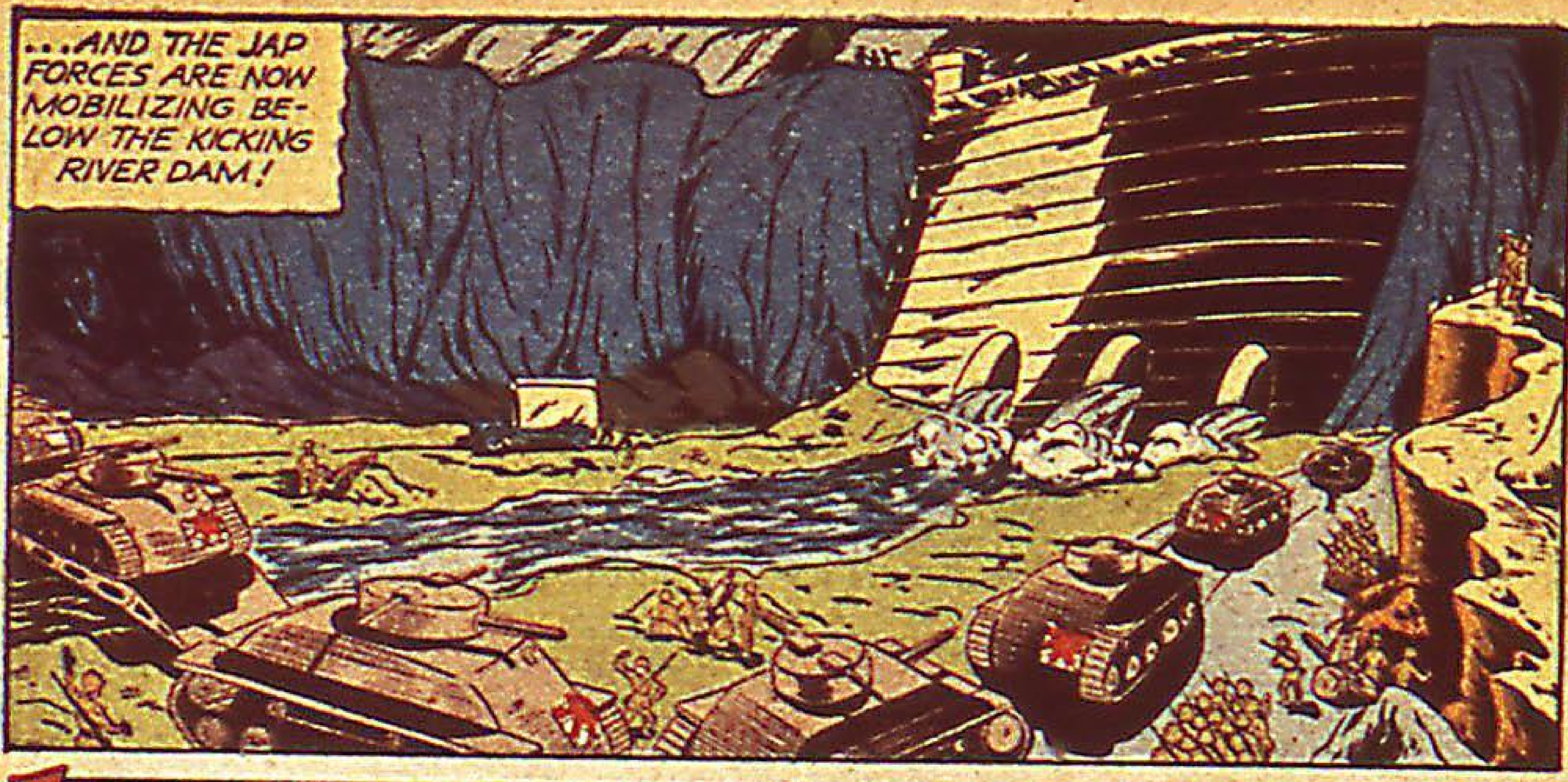

HEH! HEH! BRING ROPE, SUKKI! WE WILL TAKE THEM TO THE HIDDEN HOUSE... GENERAL NIKKI WILL QUESTION THEM LATER!
WEIRD HIDE OUT OF THE JAP SABOTEURS HERE ON THE LONELY COAST OF CALIFORNIA...
THEY'RE BRINGING THE CYLINDER OF DEATH HERE, AND THAT RAY-BEAM APPARATUS... SAY, CAP...
I'M THINKING THE SAME THING, KID... SOMEHOW THIS REMINDS ME OF PROFESSOR LIVINGSTON'S RAY-BEAM MACHINE... THE JAPS STOLE IT, REMEMBER?
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY SECURELY TIED ARE LEFT IN A BARE ROOM ...SUDDENLY FROM THE ADJOINING ROOM...
IT IS THE PROFESSOR'S RAY-BEAM MACHINE! AND IT'S IN OPERATION NOW!
CAP! LOOK!
IT'S GOING OUTSIDE! WELL, I WONDER...
AND HERE COMES SOMETHING ELSE... GOSH, CAP, LOOK!
TANKS AND PLANES! THEY'RE GETTING LARGER! BUCKY, I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!
9

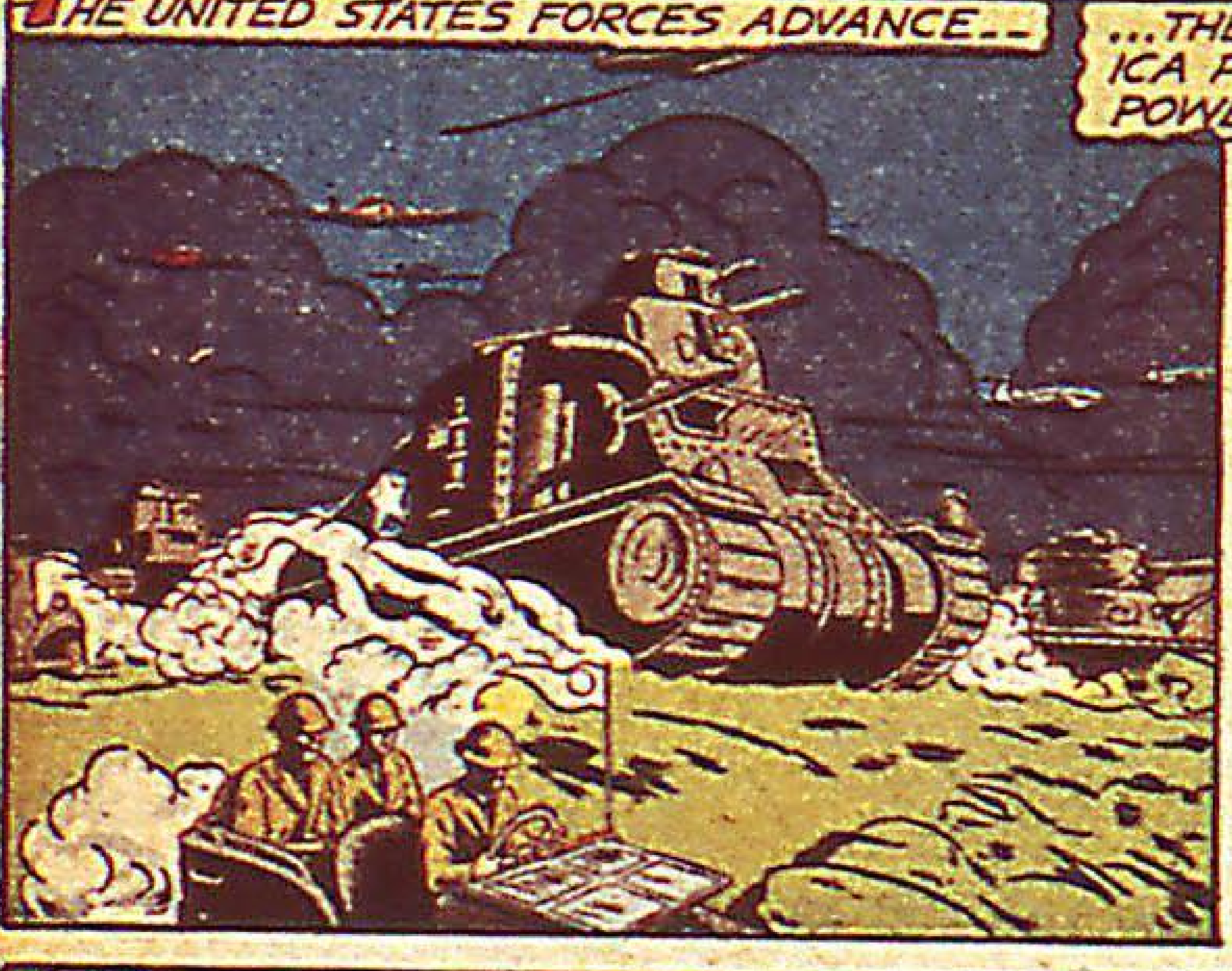

SHH! I CAN SET YOU FREE NOW! NO ONE SAW ME... BUT IT IS ALMOST TOO LATE... THE CYLINDER OF DEATH IN THAT OTHER ROOM...
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, AND THANKS FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE, OLGA, IT ISN'T TOO LATE, I HOPE!
AND GET AWAY FROM HERE... THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN WHEN WE CUT LOOSE!
...AND THEN WHEN OLGA HAS SAFELY ESCAPED FROM THE HOUSE....
THEY MADE THE JAPS TINY IN TOKYO AND SMUGGLED THEM HERE IN THE CYLINDER...
A WHOLE JAP ARMY, GOSH!
JUST TWO NORMAL SIZE JAPS IN THE ROOM... ALL THE REST ARE OUTSIDE! ONE FOR YOU AND I'LL...
YAHOO!
THE SMASHING ATTACK OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, EXPLODES THE RAY-BEAM MACHINE!

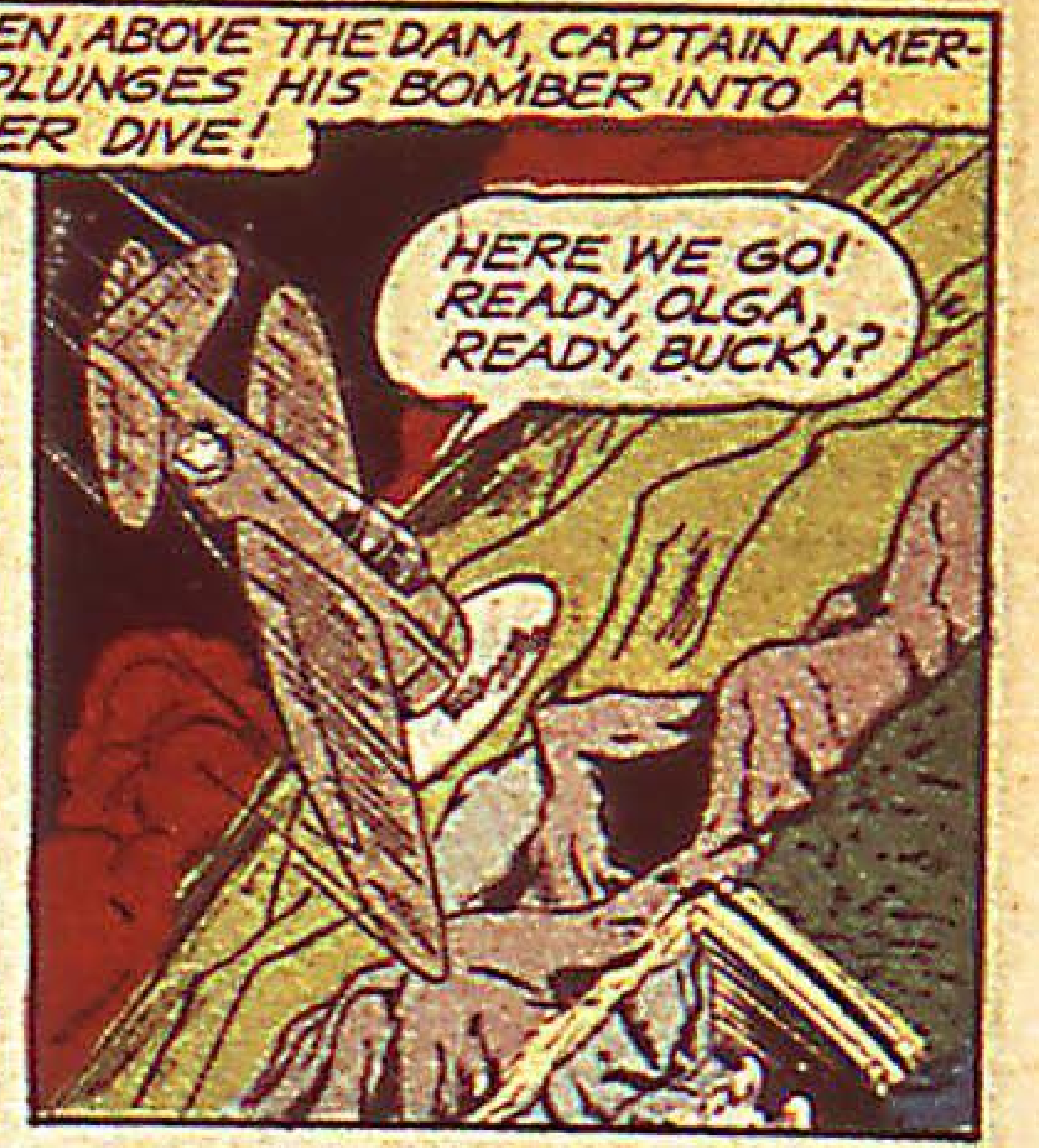

THEN WITH THE DOOR OF THE WEIRD ROOM CLOSED, CAP REALIZES THAT EVEN WITH THE RAY-BEAM SMASHED THE ELECTRONIC REACTIONS IN THEM INCREASE IN SIZE...
GOT MOST OF THEM PENNED IN HERE NOW! THEY'LL BE NORMAL SIZE SOON, MAYBE EVEN LARGER!
WEIRD TINY ENEMY! BUT IT IS SO RAPIDLY INCREASING IN SIZE! JAP MECHANIZED ARMY AND AIR FORCE, HERE TO INVADE THE UNITED STATES! IF IT BREAKS OUT OF THIS FLIMSY ROOM...
CAP! CAP! WE CAN'T SMASH THEM ALL! THEY'RE GETTING BIG TOO FAST!
BUCKY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!

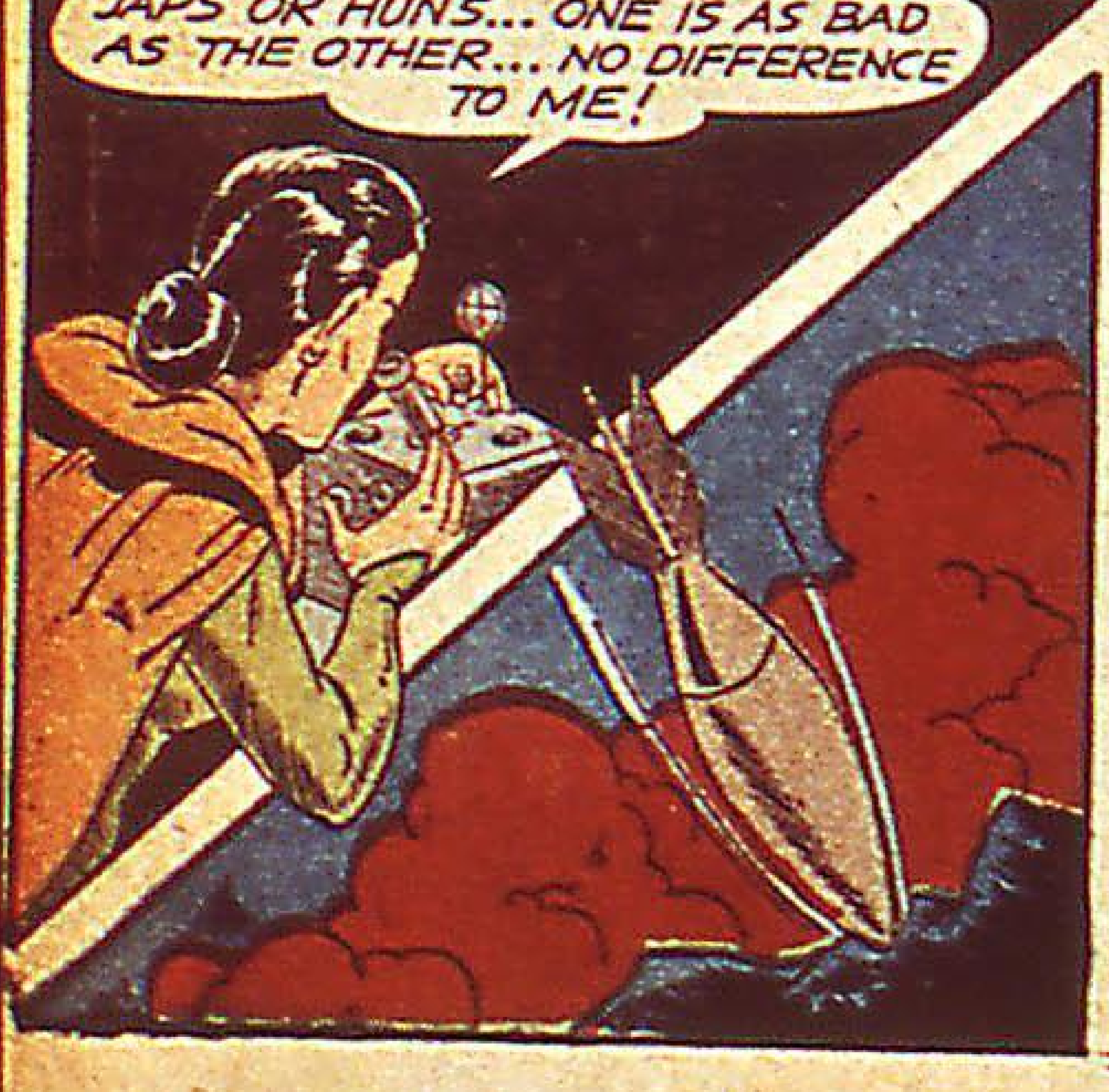

WHILE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE...
BY THE TOMBS OF MY ANCESTORS, SOMETHING IS WRONG IN THAT HOUSE!
...AND NEAR BY, A FARMER AND HIS WIFE SEE THE GLOW IN THE SKY...
WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE OLD ELTON PLACE? LOOK, MARTHA, THAT'S A JAP PLANE... WE'D BETTER PHONE THE ARMY POST AT RED GULCH!
...AND LEAVING THE HOUSE, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY, ABOUT TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE, LOOK BACK IN HORROR AT THE SCENE...
MORE THAN HALF OF THEM ARE GETTING AWAY! WE'LL NEED HELP..... A U.S. ARMY POST OVER AT RED GULCH! THERE'S AN AIR FIELD THERE!
THE JAP INVADING ARMY...
THEY'RE GETTING LARGER, CAP!
COME ON, LAD, WE NEED HELP! TO THE AIR PORT...

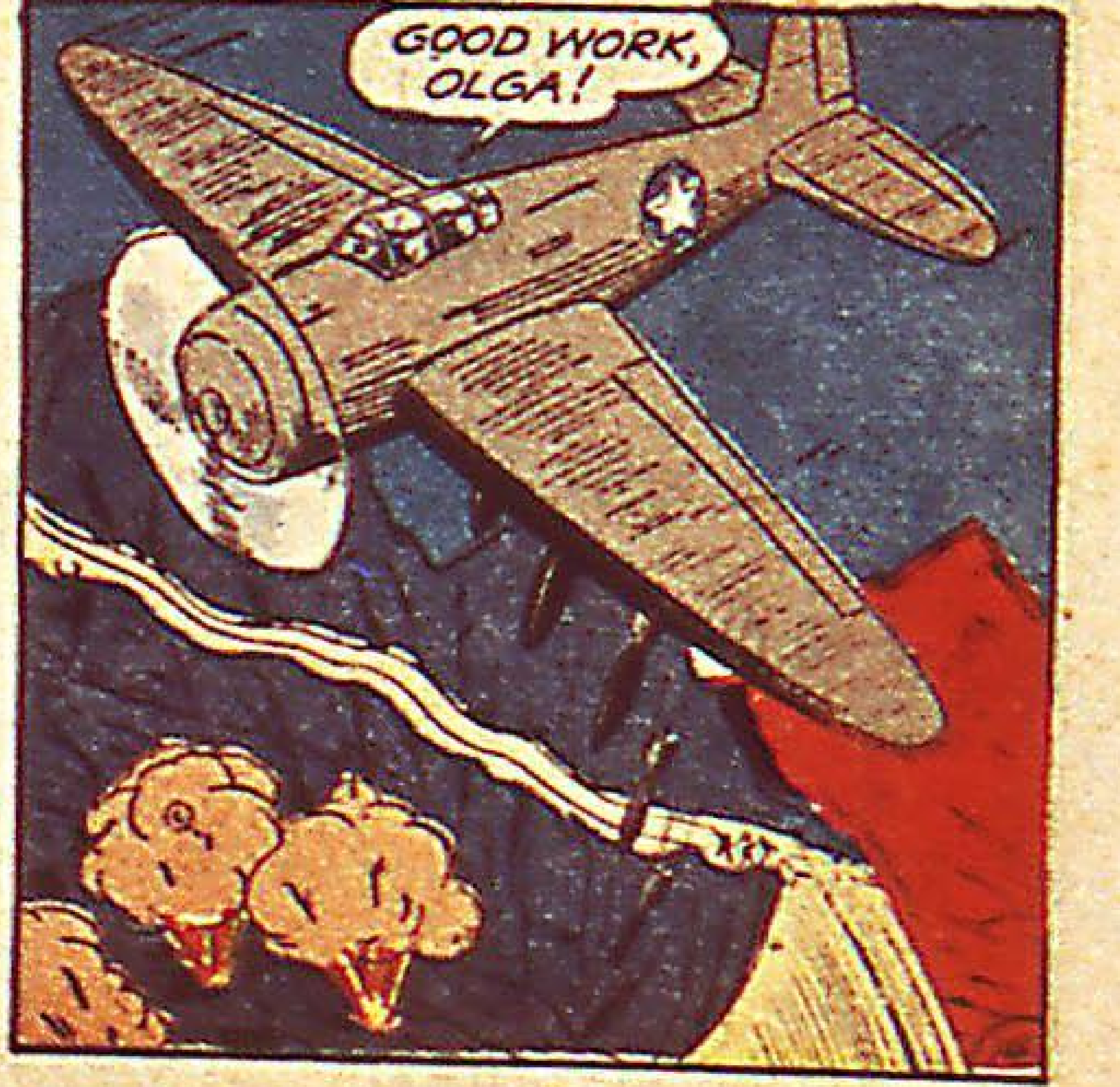

AT THE AIR PORT, AS THE DAWN APPROACHES, THE ARMY OF DEFENSE PREPARES FOR BATTLE.
WE SMASHED MORE THAN HALF OF THEM, BUT THEN THEY GOT TOO BIG! IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A BOMBER...
OKAY—TAKE THIS ONE... OLGA TOLD US WHAT YOU DID!
CAPTAIN AMERICA LEADS THE WAY!
CAP! CAP, LOOK! STOWED AWAY! SNEAKED ON BOARD!
OLGA, YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE! THOSE JAP PLANES— WE MAY NOT COME BACK!
IN RUSSIA WE WOMEN SOMETIMES ARE VERY GOOD FIGHTERS! AS A BOMBARDIER I HAVE HAD TRAINING! OVER THE VOLGA--- MANY BOMBS I HAVE DROPPED, TO KILL THE HUNS... GIVE ME A CHANCE AND YOU WILL SEE---
THERE ARE THE ZEROS, CIRCLING HIGH WAITING FOR US!
THE ZERO FIGHTERS...
YAHOO! LET'S GO GET THEM!
NO, BUCKY, IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO DELIVER THESE EGGS!
13

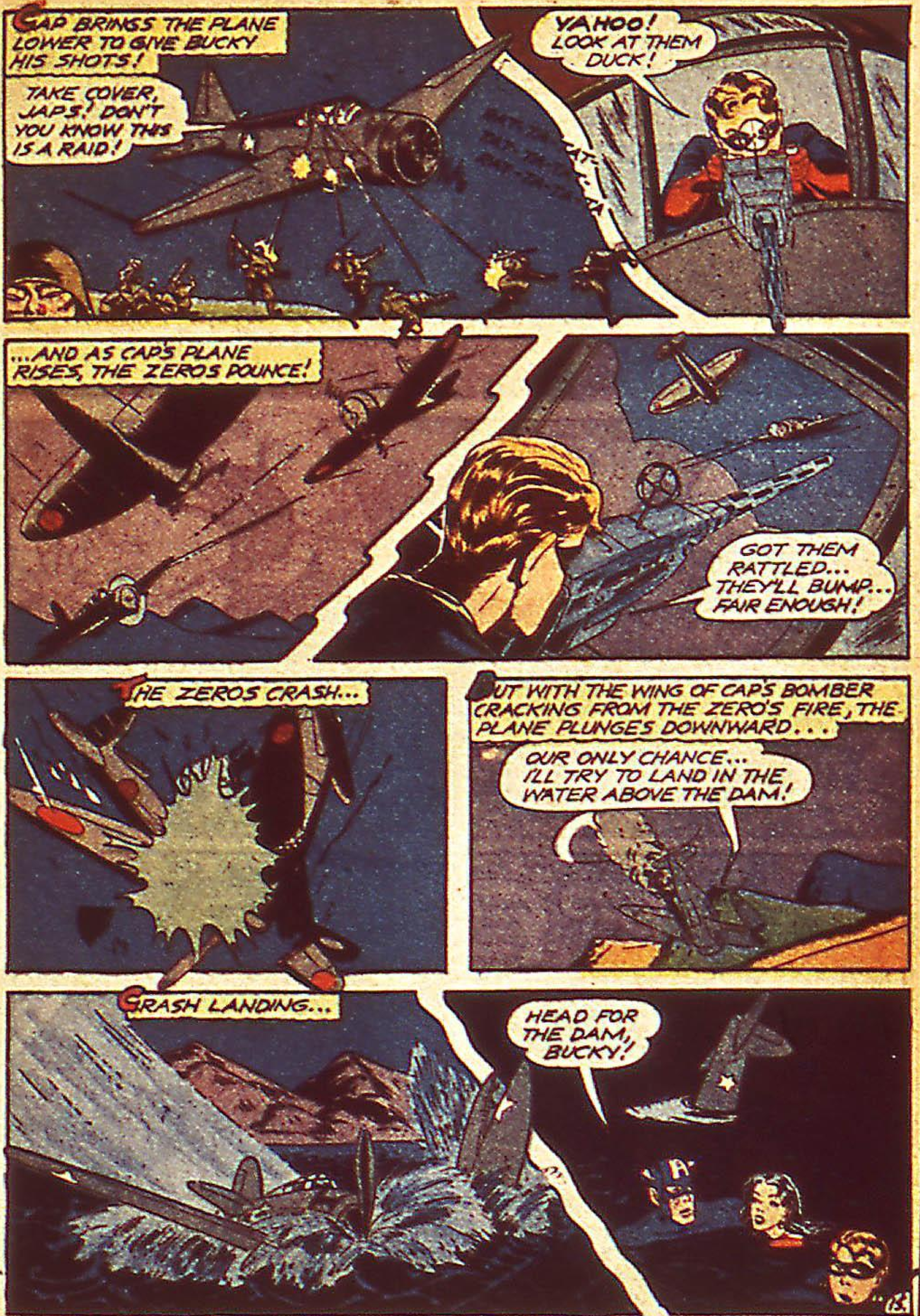

...AND THE JAP FORCES ARE NOW MOBILIZING BELOW THE KICKING RIVER DAM!

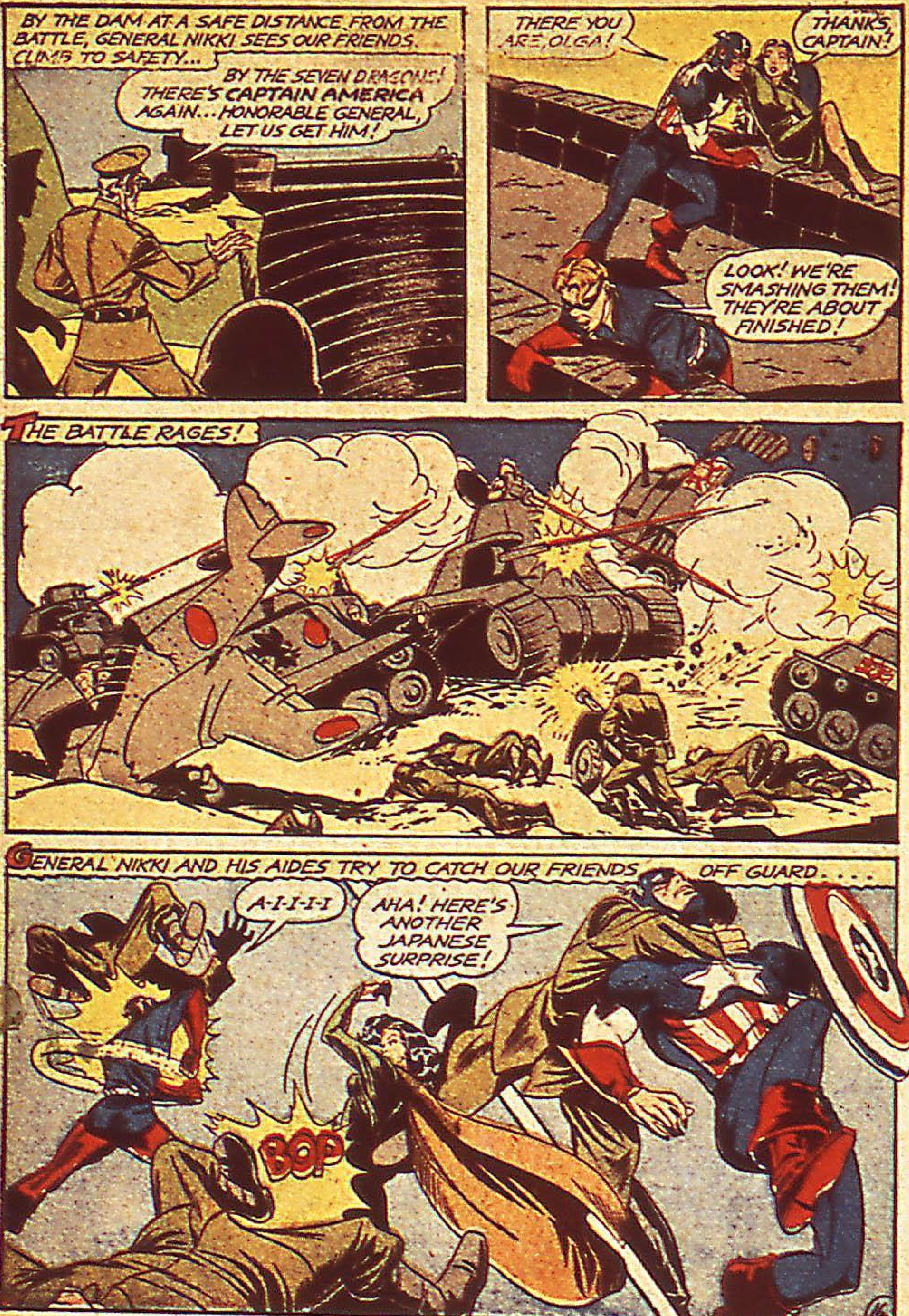

THE UNITED STATES FORCES ADVANCE...

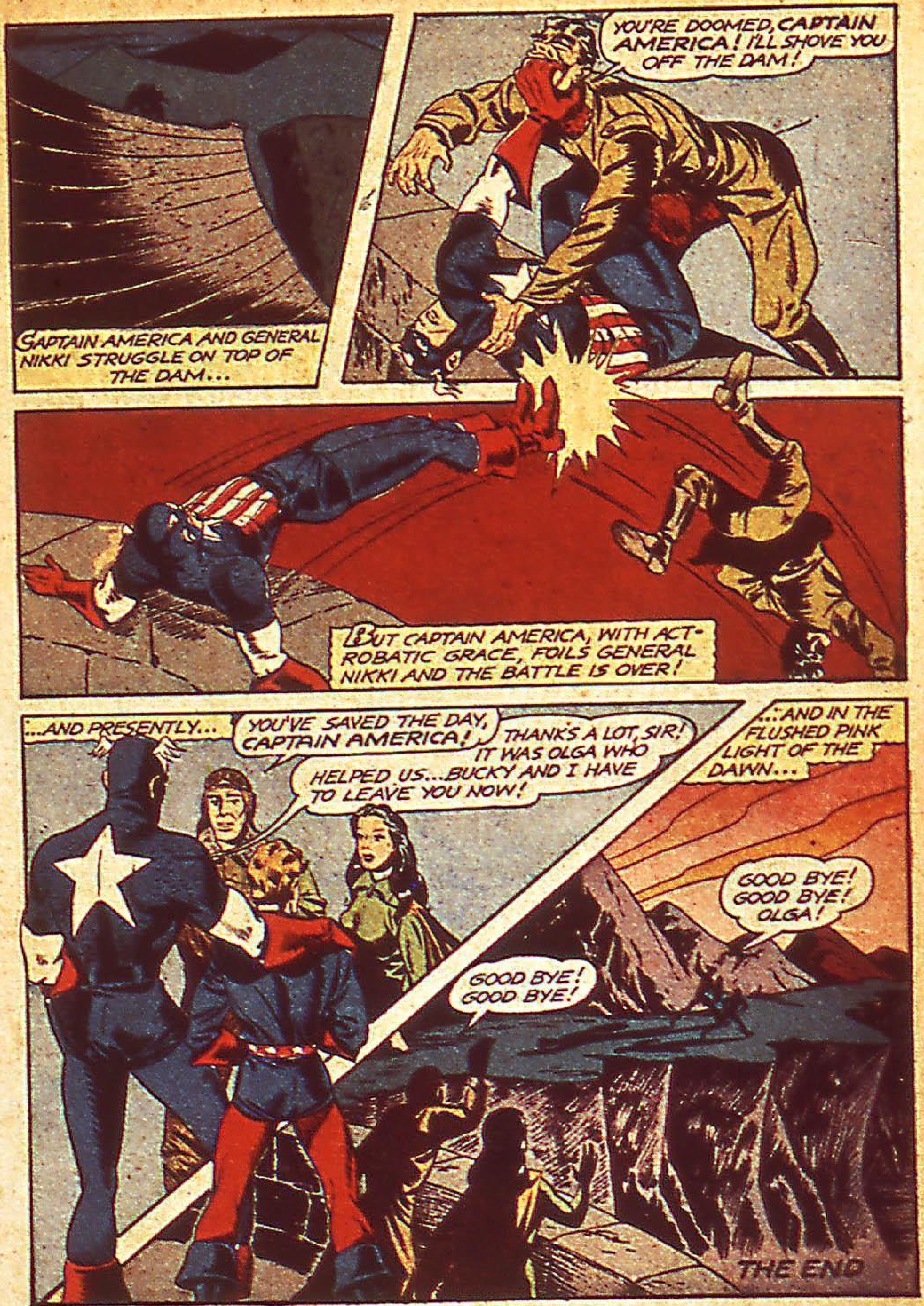

...THEN, ABOVE THE DAM, CAPTAIN AMERICA PLUNGES HIS BOMBER INTO A POWER DIVE!
HERE WE GO! READY, OLGA, READY, BUCKY?

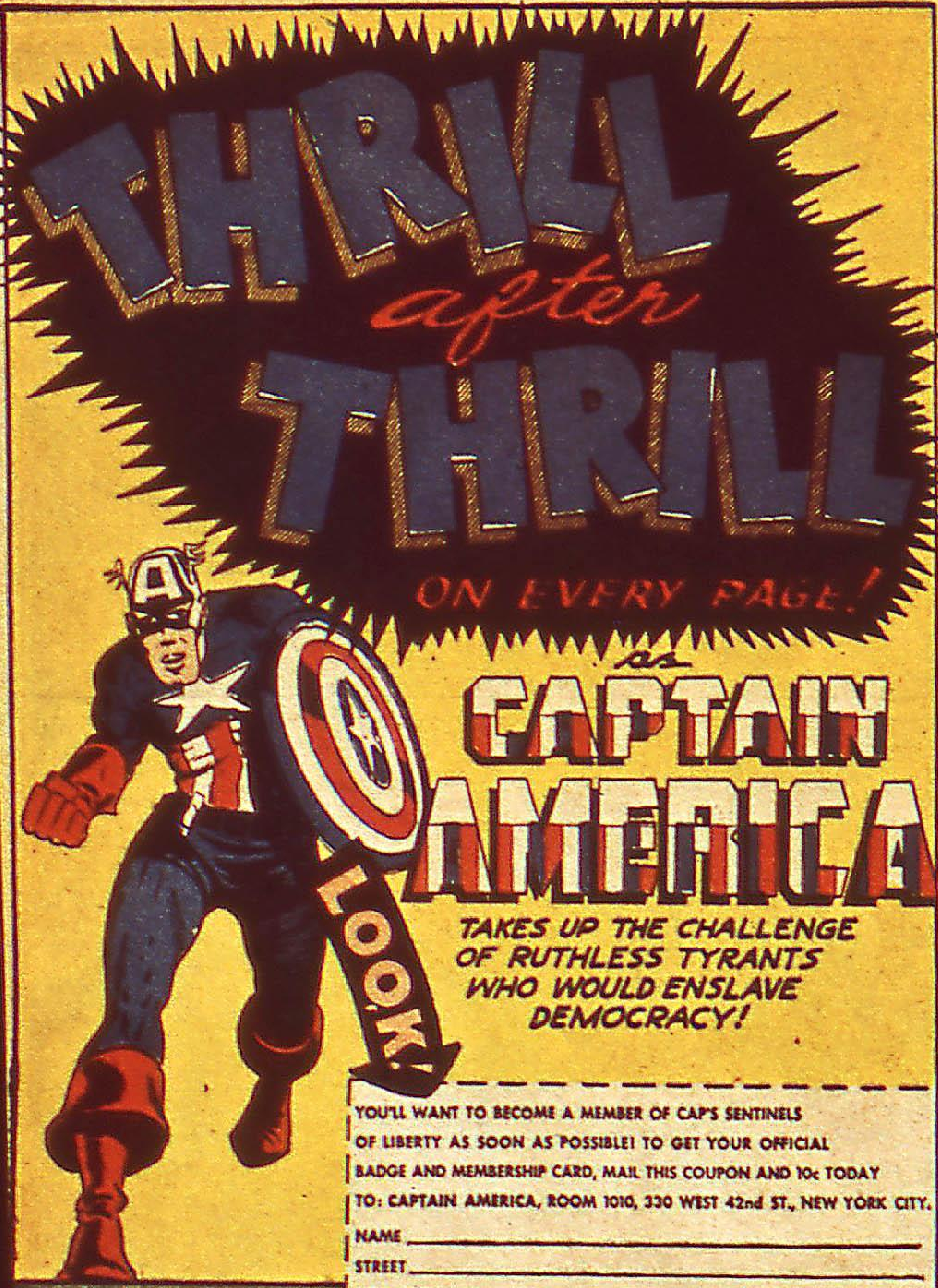

JAPS OR HUNS... ONE IS AS BAD AS THE OTHER... NO DIFFERENCE TO ME!


GOOD WORK, OLGA!


CAP BRINGS THE PLANE LOWER TO GIVE BUCKY HIS SHOTS!
TAKE COVER, JAPS! DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS A RAID!
YAHOO! LOOK AT THEM DUCK!
...AND AS CAP'S PLANE RISES, THE ZEROS POUNCE!
GOT THEM RATTLED... THEY'LL BUMP... FAIR ENOUGH!
THE ZEROS CRASH...
BUT WITH THE WING OF CAP'S BOMBER CRACKING FROM THE ZERO'S FIRE, THE PLANE PLUNGES DOWNWARD...
OUR ONLY CHANCE... I'LL TRY TO LAND IN THE WATER ABOVE THE DAM!
CRASH LANDING...
HEAD FOR THE DAM, BUCKY!


BY THE DAM AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE BATTLE, GENERAL NIKKI SEES OUR FRIENDS CLIMB TO SAFETY...
BY THE SEVEN DRAGONS! THERE'S CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN... HONORABLE GENERAL, LET US GET HIM!
THERE YOU ARE, OLGA!
THANKS, CAPTAIN!
LOOK! WE'RE SMASHING THEM! THEY'RE ABOUT FINISHED!
THE BATTLE RAGES!
GENERAL NIKKI AND HIS AIDES TRY TO CATCH OUR FRIENDS OFF GUARD....
A-I-I-I-I
AHA! HERE'S ANOTHER JAPANESE SURPRISE!
BOP
16.


CAPTAIN AMERICA AND GENERAL NIKKI STRUGGLE ON TOP OF THE DAM...
YOU'RE DOOMED, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I'LL SHOVE YOU OFF THE DAM!
BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA, WITH ACT-ROBATIC GRACE, FOILS GENERAL NIKKI AND THE BATTLE IS OVER!
...AND PRESENTLY...
YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THANK'S A LOT, SIR! IT WAS OLGA WHO HELPED US...BUCKY AND I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW!
...AND IN THE FLUSHED PINK LIGHT OF THE DAWN...
GOOD BYE! GOOD BYE! OLGA!
GOOD BYE! GOOD BYE!
THE END

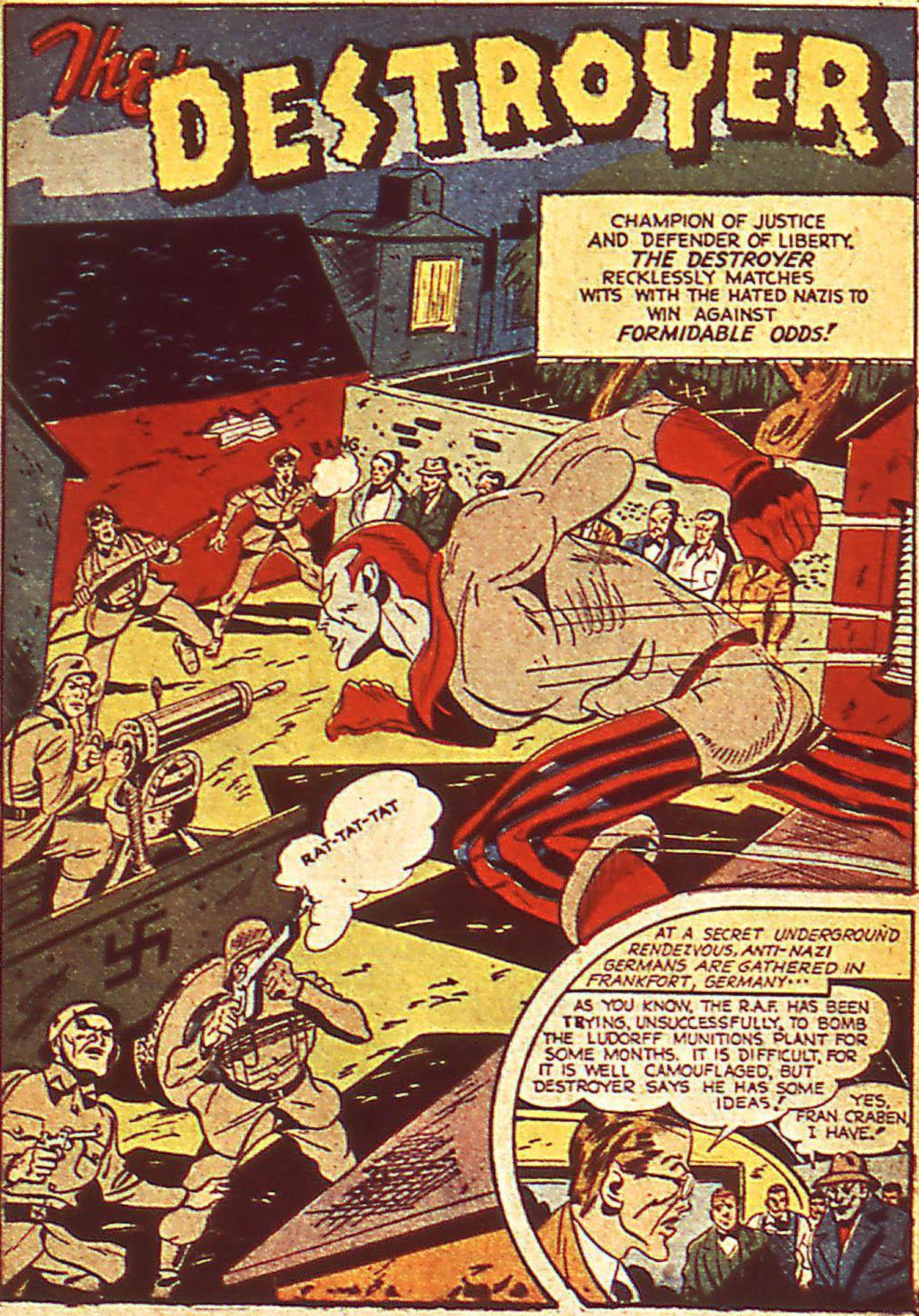

THRILL after THRILL
ON EVERY PAGE!
as
CAPTAIN AMERICA
TAKES UP THE CHALLENGE OF RUTHLESS TYRANTS WHO WOULD ENSLAVE DEMOCRACY!
LOOK
NOW ON SALE!

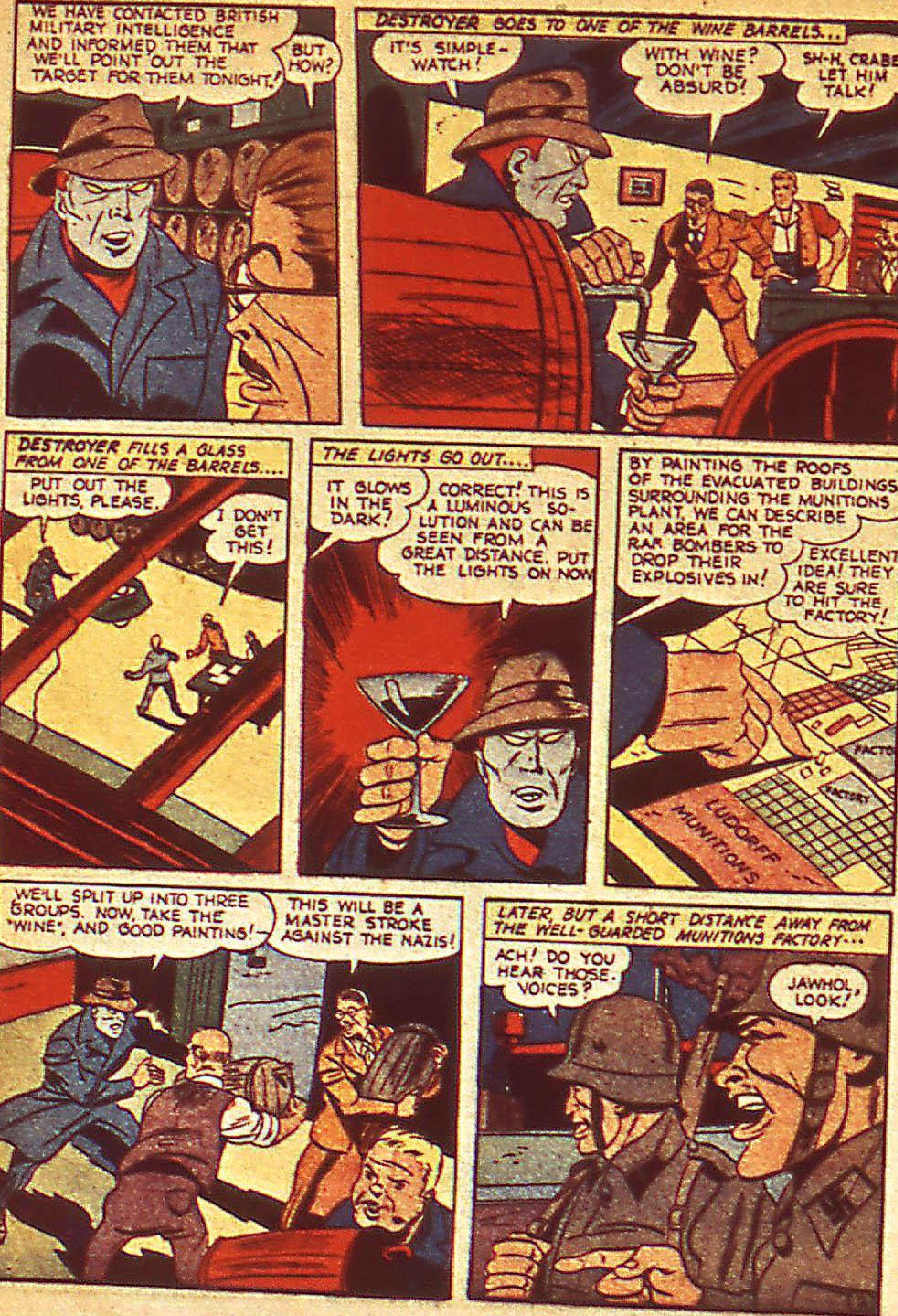
YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY.

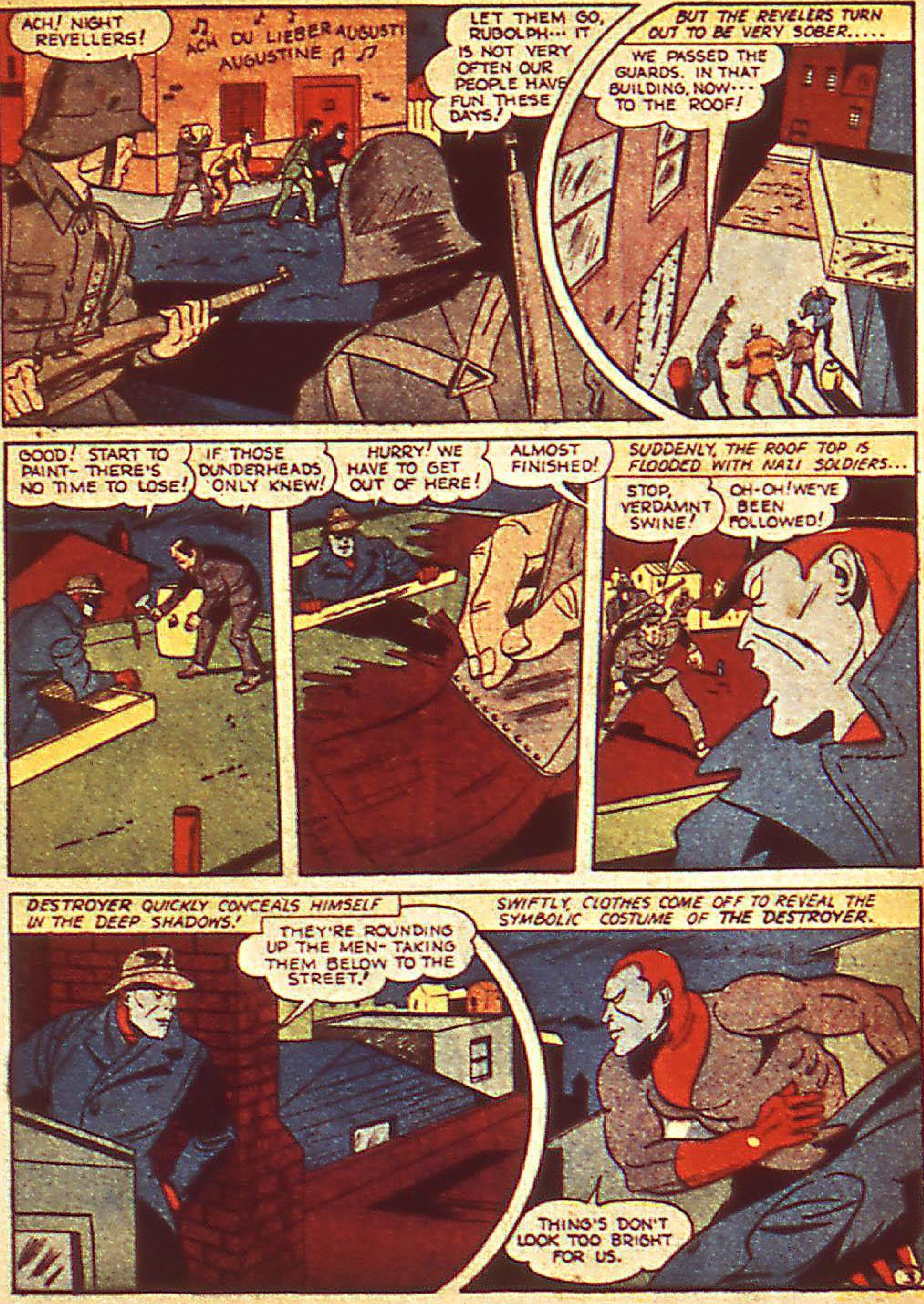
NAME ________________________

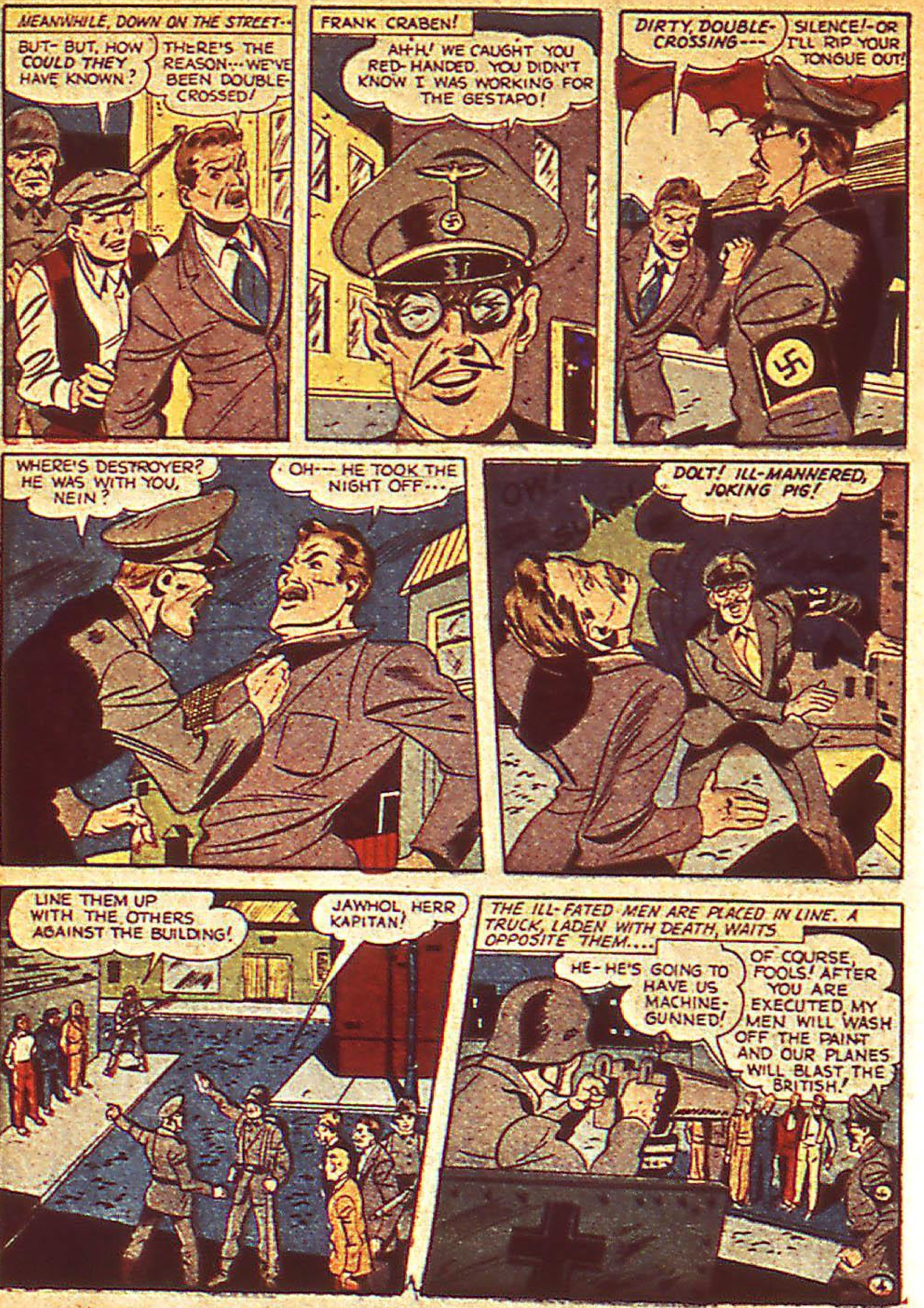
STREET ________________________

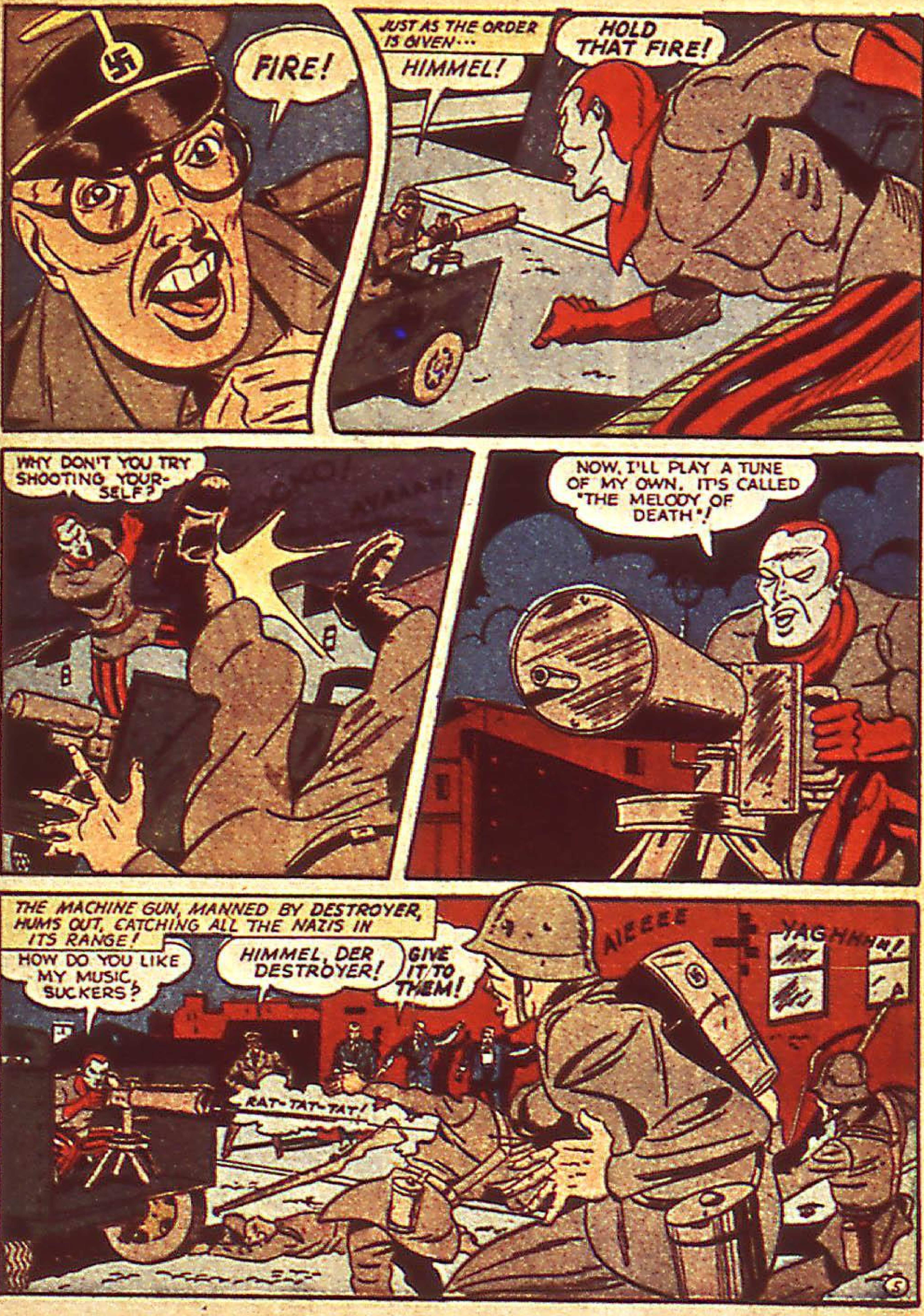
CITY AND STATE ________________________

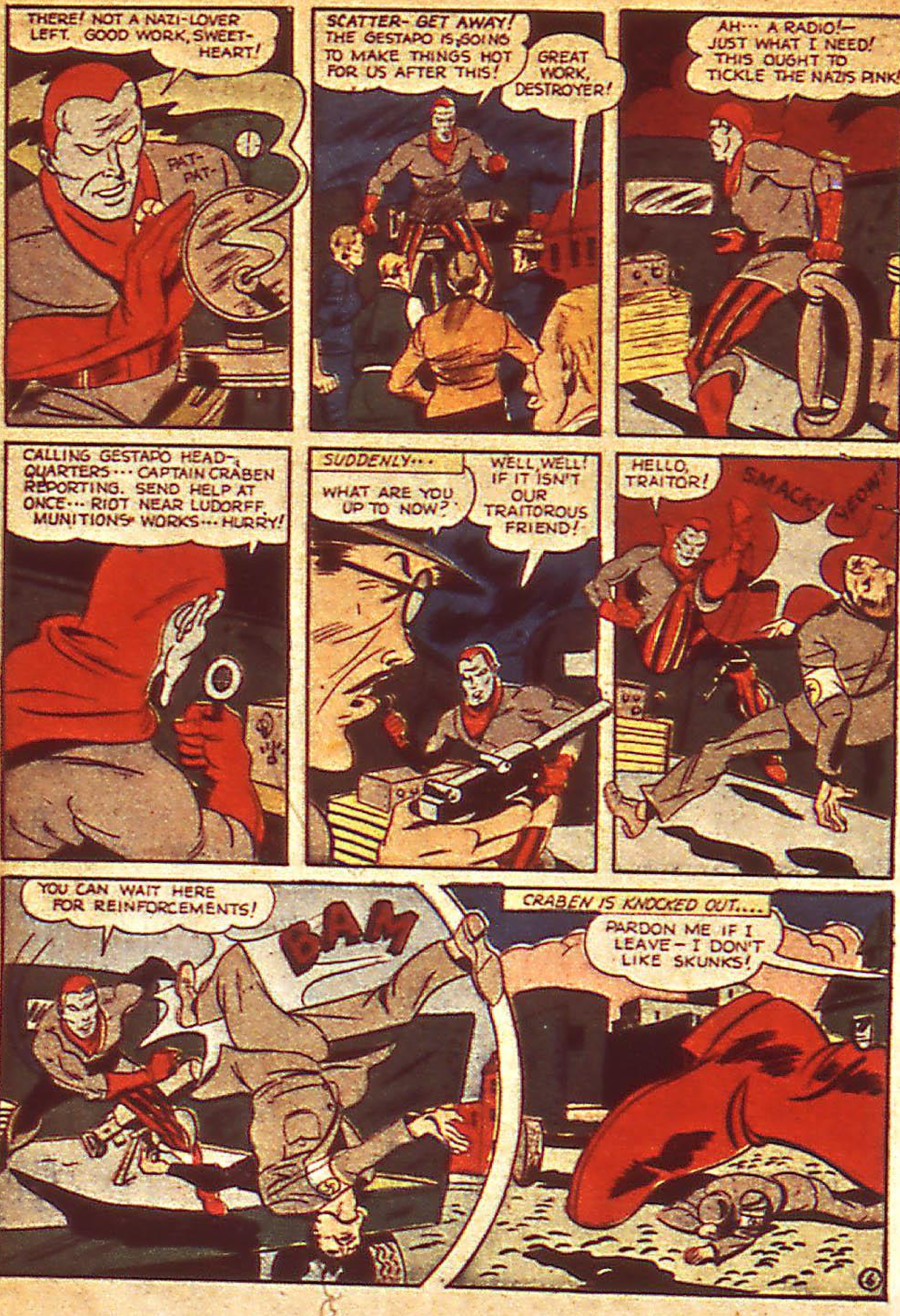
THE DESTROYER
CHAMPION OF JUSTICE AND DEFENDER OF LIBERTY. THE DESTROYER RECKLESSLY MATCHES WITS WITH THE HATED NAZIS TO WIN AGAINST FORMIDABLE ODDS!
BANG
RAT-TAT-TAT
AT A SECRET UNDERGROUND RENDEZVOUS, ANTI-NAZI GERMANS ARE GATHERED IN FRANKFORT, GERMANY...
AS YOU KNOW, THE R.A.F. HAS BEEN TRYING, UNSUCCESSFULLY, TO BOMB THE LUDORFF MUNITIONS PLANT FOR SOME MONTHS. IT IS DIFFICULT, FOR IT IS WELL CAMOUFLAGED, BUT DESTROYER SAYS HE HAS SOME IDEAS!
YES, FRAN CRABEN, I HAVE!

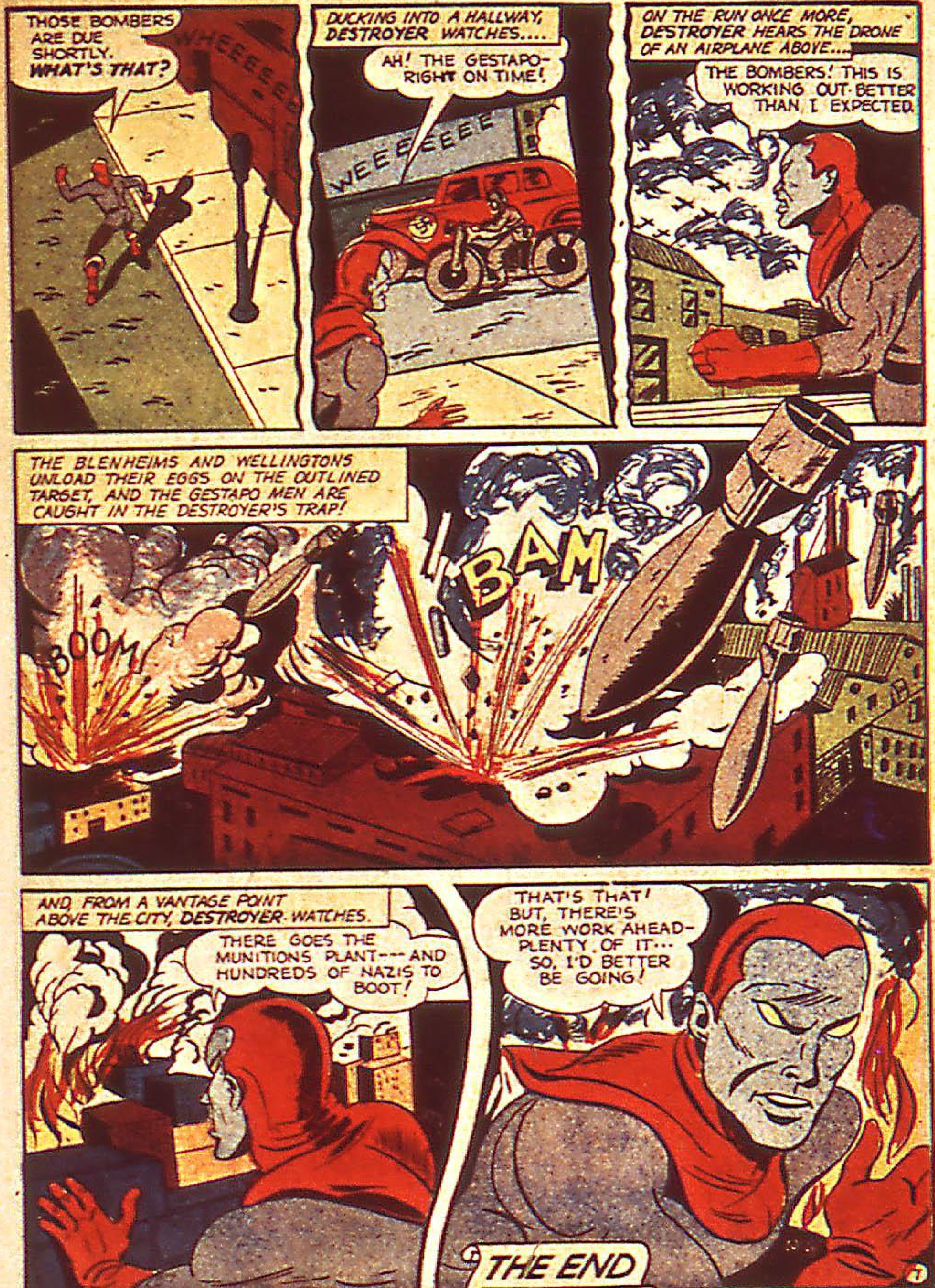

WE HAVE CONTACTED BRITISH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE AND INFORMED THEM THAT WE'LL POINT OUT THE TARGET FOR THEM TONIGHT!
BUT HOW?
DESTROYER GOES TO ONE OF THE WINE BARRELS...
IT'S SIMPLE–WATCH!
WITH WINE? DON'T BE ABSURD!
SH-H, CRABEN! LET HIM TALK!
DESTROYER FILLS A GLASS FROM ONE OF THE BARRELS....
PUT OUT THE LIGHTS, PLEASE.
I DON'T GET THIS!
THE LIGHTS GO OUT....
IT GLOWS IN THE DARK!
CORRECT! THIS IS A LUMINOUS SOLUTION AND CAN BE SEEN FROM A GREAT DISTANCE. PUT THE LIGHTS ON NOW
BY PAINTING THE ROOFS OF THE EVACUATED BUILDINGS SURROUNDING THE MUNITIONS PLANT, WE CAN DESCRIBE AN AREA FOR THE RAF BOMBERS TO DROP THEIR EXPLOSIVES IN!
EXCELLENT IDEA! THEY ARE SURE TO HIT THE FACTORY!
FACTO
FACTORY
LUDORFF MUNITIONS
WE'LL SPLIT UP INTO THREE GROUPS. NOW, TAKE THE "WINE", AND GOOD PAINTING!
THIS WILL BE A MASTER STROKE AGAINST THE NAZIS!
LATER, BUT A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE WELL-GUARDED MUNITIONS FACTORY...
ACH! DO YOU HEAR THOSE. VOICES?
JAWHOL, LOOK!


ACH! NIGHT REVELLERS!
ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTI AUGUSTINE
LET THEM GO, RUDOLPH... IT IS NOT VERY OFTEN OUR PEOPLE HAVE FUN THESE DAYS!
BUT THE REVELERS TURN OUT TO BE VERY SOBER.....
WE PASSED THE GUARDS. IN THAT BUILDING, NOW... TO THE ROOF!
GOOD! START TO PAINT- THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
IF THOSE DUNDERHEADS ONLY KNEW!
HURRY! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
ALMOST FINISHED!
SUDDENLY, THE ROOF TOP IS FLOODED WITH NAZI SOLDIERS...
STOP, VERDAMNT SWINE!
OH-OH! WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWED!
DESTROYER QUICKLY CONCEALS HIMSELF IN THE DEEP SHADOWS!
THEY'RE ROUNDING UP THE MEN- TAKING THEM BELOW TO THE STREET!
SWIFTLY, CLOTHES COME OFF TO REVEAL THE SYMBOLIC COSTUME OF THE DESTROYER.
THING'S DON'T LOOK TOO BRIGHT FOR US.
3

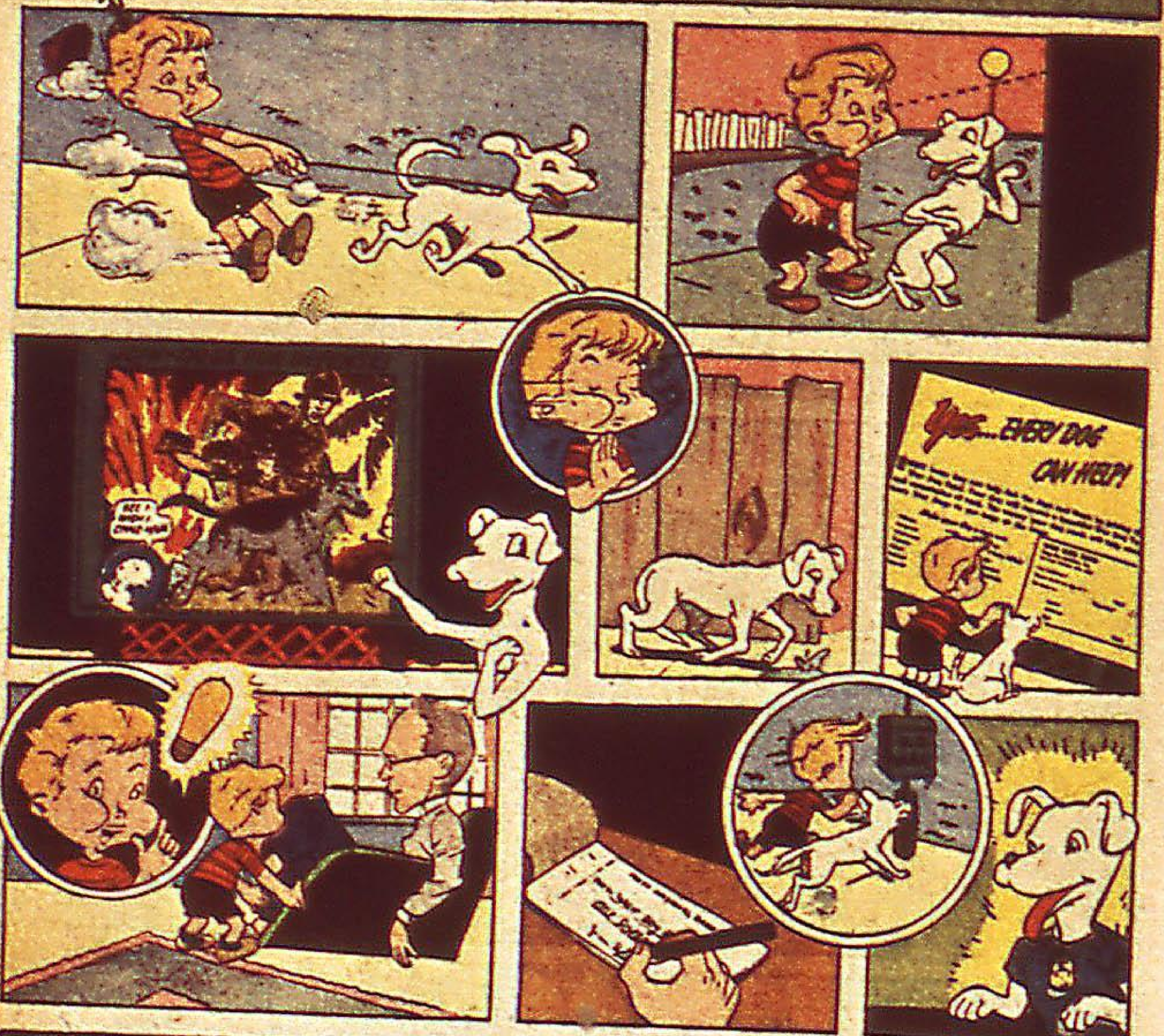

MEANWHILE, DOWN ON THE STREET--
BUT- BUT, HOW COULD THEY HAVE KNOWN?
THERE'S THE REASON---WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED!
FRANK CRABEN!
AH-H! WE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED. YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS WORKING FOR THE GESTAPO!
DIRTY, DOUBLE-CROSSING---
SILENCE!-OR I'LL RIP YOUR TONGUE OUT!
WHERE'S DESTROYER? HE WAS WITH YOU, NEIN?
OH--- HE TOOK THE NIGHT OFF---
OW!
DOLT! ILL-MANNERED, JOKING PIG!
LINE THEM UP WITH THE OTHERS AGAINST THE BUILDING!
JAWHOL, HERR KAPITAN!
THE ILL-FATED MEN ARE PLACED IN LINE. A TRUCK, LADEN WITH DEATH, WAITS OPPOSITE THEM....
HE- HE'S GOING TO HAVE US MACHINE-GUNNED!
OF COURSE, FOOLS! AFTER YOU ARE EXECUTED MY MEN WILL WASH OFF THE PAINT AND OUR PLANES WILL BLAST THE BRITISH!
4


FIRE!
JUST AS THE ORDER IS GIVEN···
HIMMEL!
HOLD THAT FIRE!
WHY DON'T YOU TRY SHOOTING YOURSELF?
AYAAAH!
NOW, I'LL PLAY A TUNE OF MY OWN. IT'S CALLED "THE MELODY OF DEATH"!
THE MACHINE GUN, MANNED BY DESTROYER, HUMS OUT, CATCHING ALL THE NAZIS IN ITS RANGE!
HOW DO YOU LIKE MY MUSIC, SUCKERS?
HIMMEL, DER DESTROYER!
GIVE IT TO THEM!
AIEEEE
YAGHHHH!
RAT-TAT-TAT!


THERE! NOT A NAZI-LOVER LEFT. GOOD WORK, SWEETHEART!
PAT-PAT-
SCATTER- GET AWAY! THE GESTAPO IS GOING TO MAKE THINGS HOT FOR US AFTER THIS!
GREAT WORK, DESTROYER!
AH... A RADIO!— JUST WHAT I NEED! THIS OUGHT TO TICKLE THE NAZIS PINK!
CALLING GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS... CAPTAIN CRABEN REPORTING. SEND HELP AT ONCE... RIOT NEAR LUDORFF MUNITIONS WORKS... HURRY!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW?
WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T OUR TRAITOROUS FRIEND!
HELLO, TRAITOR!
SMACK!
SFOW!
YOU CAN WAIT HERE FOR REINFORCEMENTS!
BAM
CRABEN IS KNOCKED OUT....
PARDON ME IF I LEAVE— I DON'T LIKE SKUNKS!
6


THOSE BOMBERS ARE DUE SHORTLY. **WHAT'S THAT?**
WHEEEEEEEE
DUCKING INTO A HALLWAY, **DESTROYER** WATCHES....
AH! THE GESTAPO- RIGHT ON TIME!
WEEEEEEEE
ON THE RUN ONCE MORE, **DESTROYER** HEARS THE DRONE OF AN AIRPLANE ABOVE...
THE BOMBERS! THIS IS WORKING OUT BETTER THAN I EXPECTED.
THE BLENHEIMS AND WELLINGTONS UNLOAD THEIR EGGS ON THE OUTLINED TARGET, AND THE GESTAPO MEN ARE CAUGHT IN THE DESTROYER'S TRAP!
BAM
BOOM
AND FROM A VANTAGE POINT ABOVE THE CITY, **DESTROYER** WATCHES.
THERE GOES THE MUNITIONS PLANT--- AND HUNDREDS OF NAZIS TO BOOT!
THAT'S THAT! BUT, THERE'S MORE WORK AHEAD- PLENTY OF IT... SO, I'D BETTER BE GOING!
THE END

Iden and Scooter


Yes...EVERY DOG CAN HELP!

EVERY BOY AND GIRL WHO OWNS A DOG CAN HELP!

EVERY home dog can help lick the Japs and Nazis by joining the War Dog Fund. Your dog will receive a beautiful War Dog Tag and commission of rank. The money your dog sends will help send more War Dogs to our boys at the front.

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Make your dog a (CHECK RANK)

Private	$1.00	Seaman
Sergeant	5.00	Chief Petty Officer
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WAR DOG FUND
Dogs For Defense, Inc.
252 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

I am enclosing $____________________

Please enroll my dog as a____________________ (Rank)

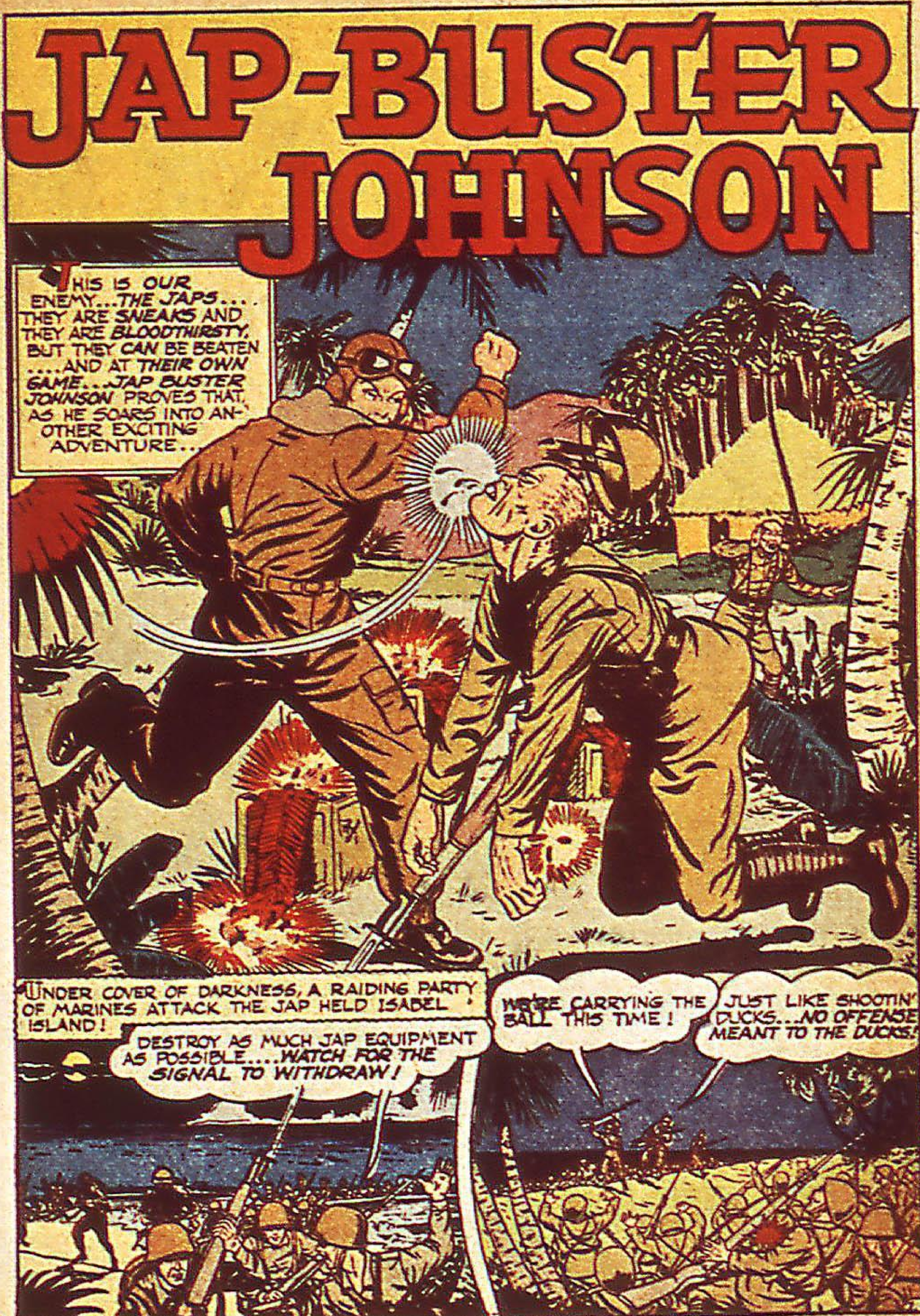
His name is____________________ (Name of Dog)

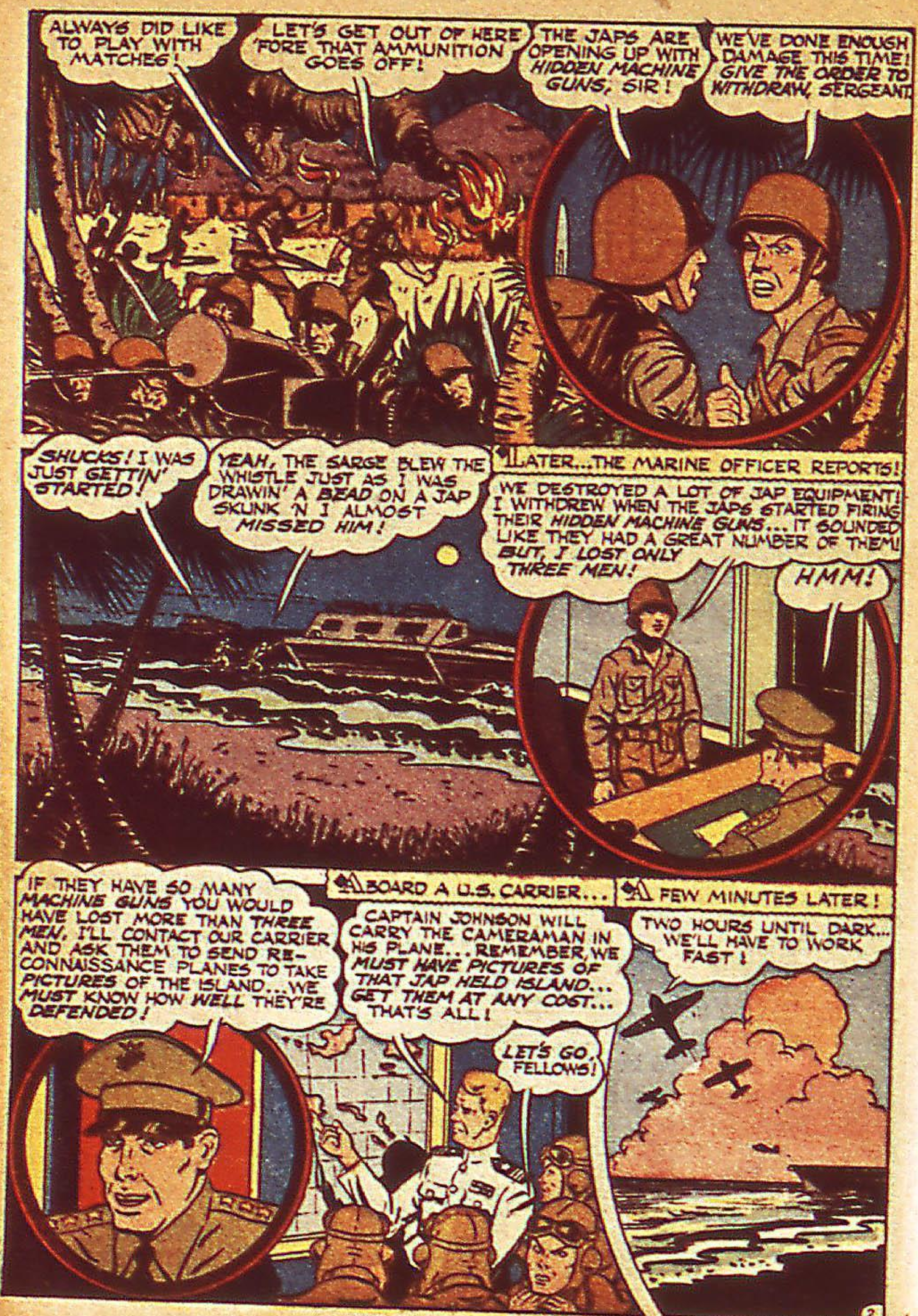
Name____________________

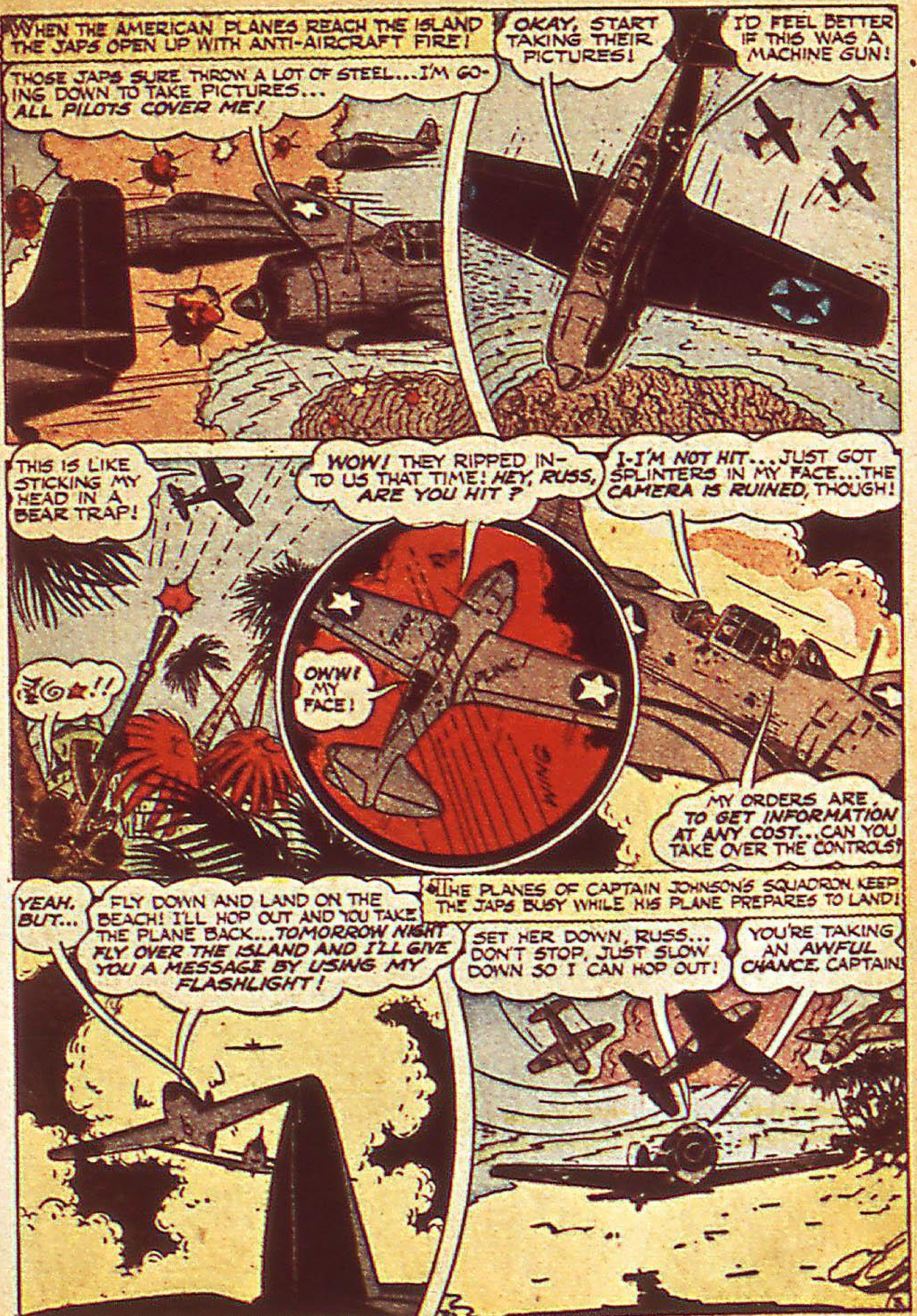
Address____________________

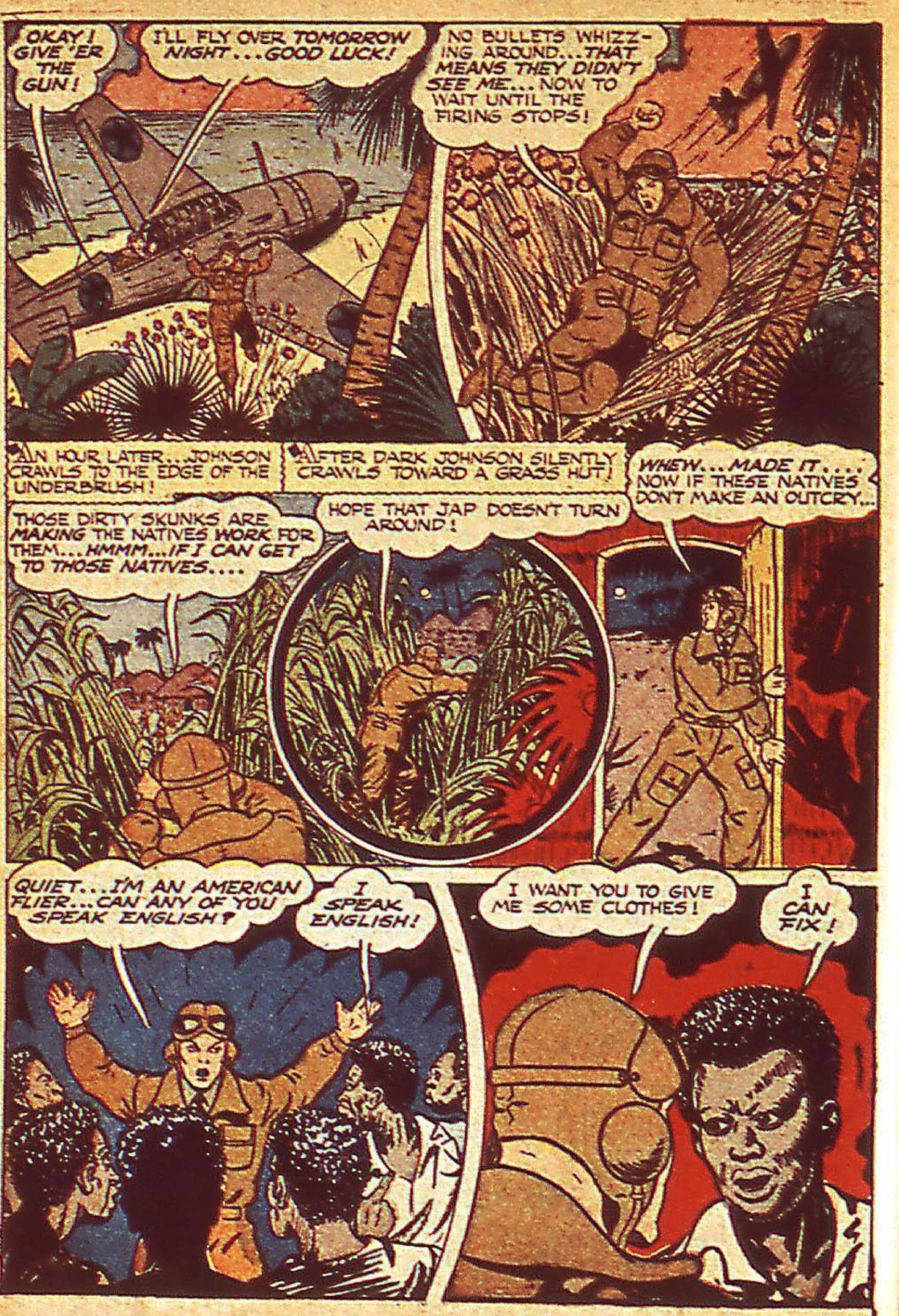
City____________________ State__________

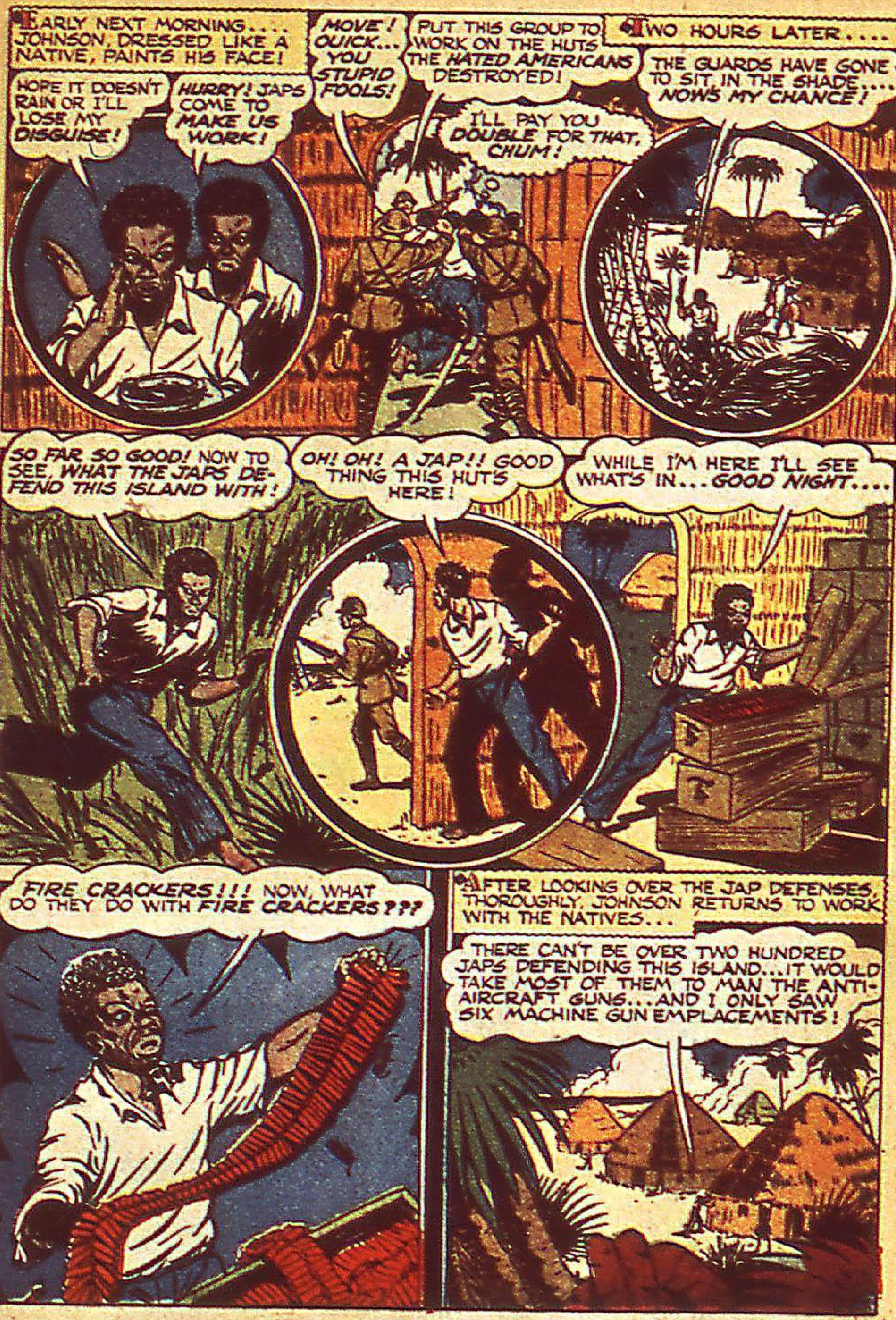
JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON

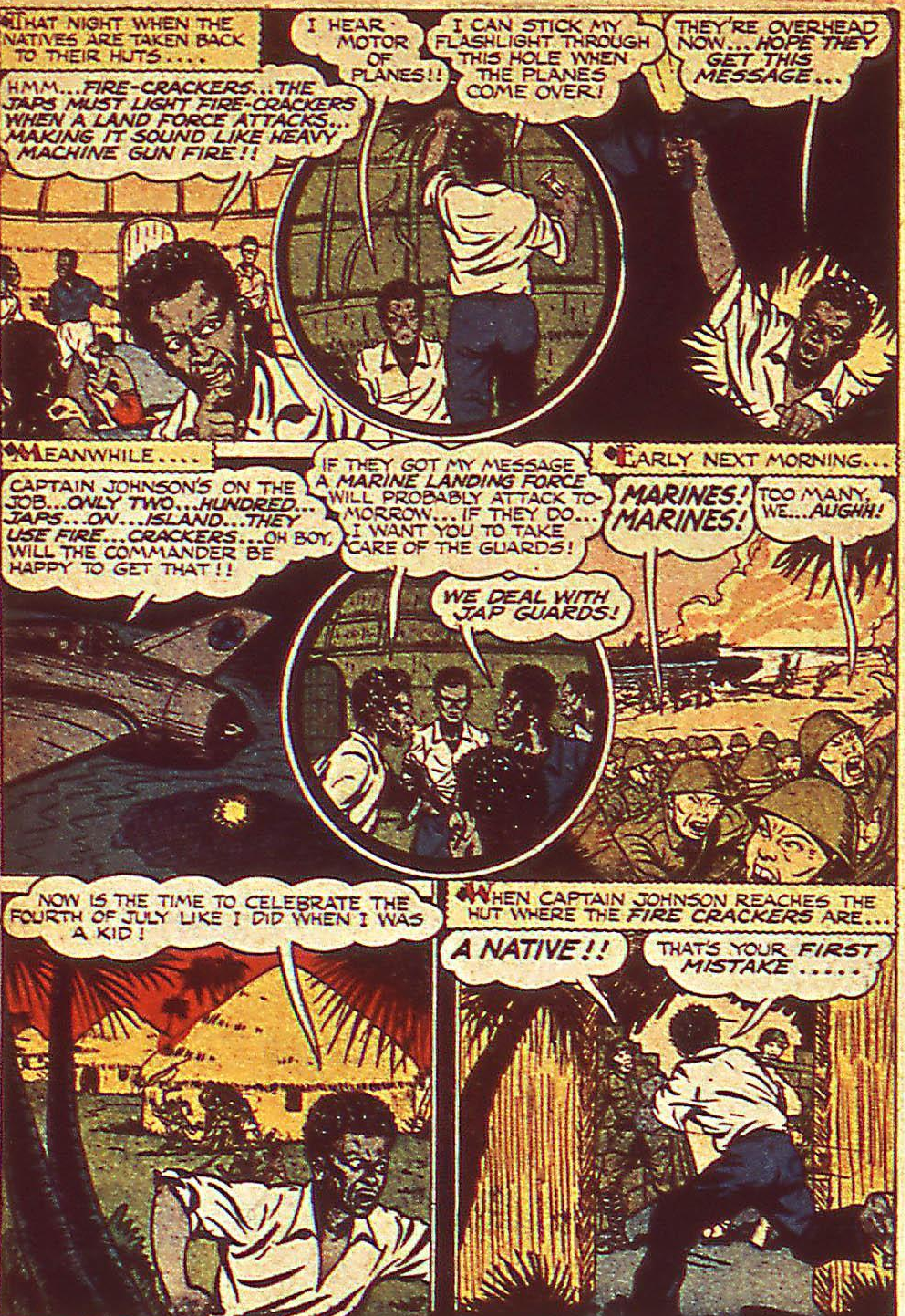

THIS IS OUR ENEMY...THE JAPS... THEY ARE SNEAKS AND THEY ARE BLOODTHIRSTY, BUT THEY CAN BE BEATEN ....AND AT THEIR OWN GAME...JAP BUSTER JOHNSON PROVES THAT, AS HE SOARS INTO ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE...
UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, A RAIDING PARTY OF MARINES ATTACK THE JAP HELD ISABEL ISLAND!
DESTROY AS MUCH JAP EQUIPMENT AS POSSIBLE....WATCH FOR THE SIGNAL TO WITHDRAW!
WE'RE CARRYING THE BALL THIS TIME!
JUST LIKE SHOOTIN' DUCKS...NO OFFENSE MEANT TO THE DUCKS!

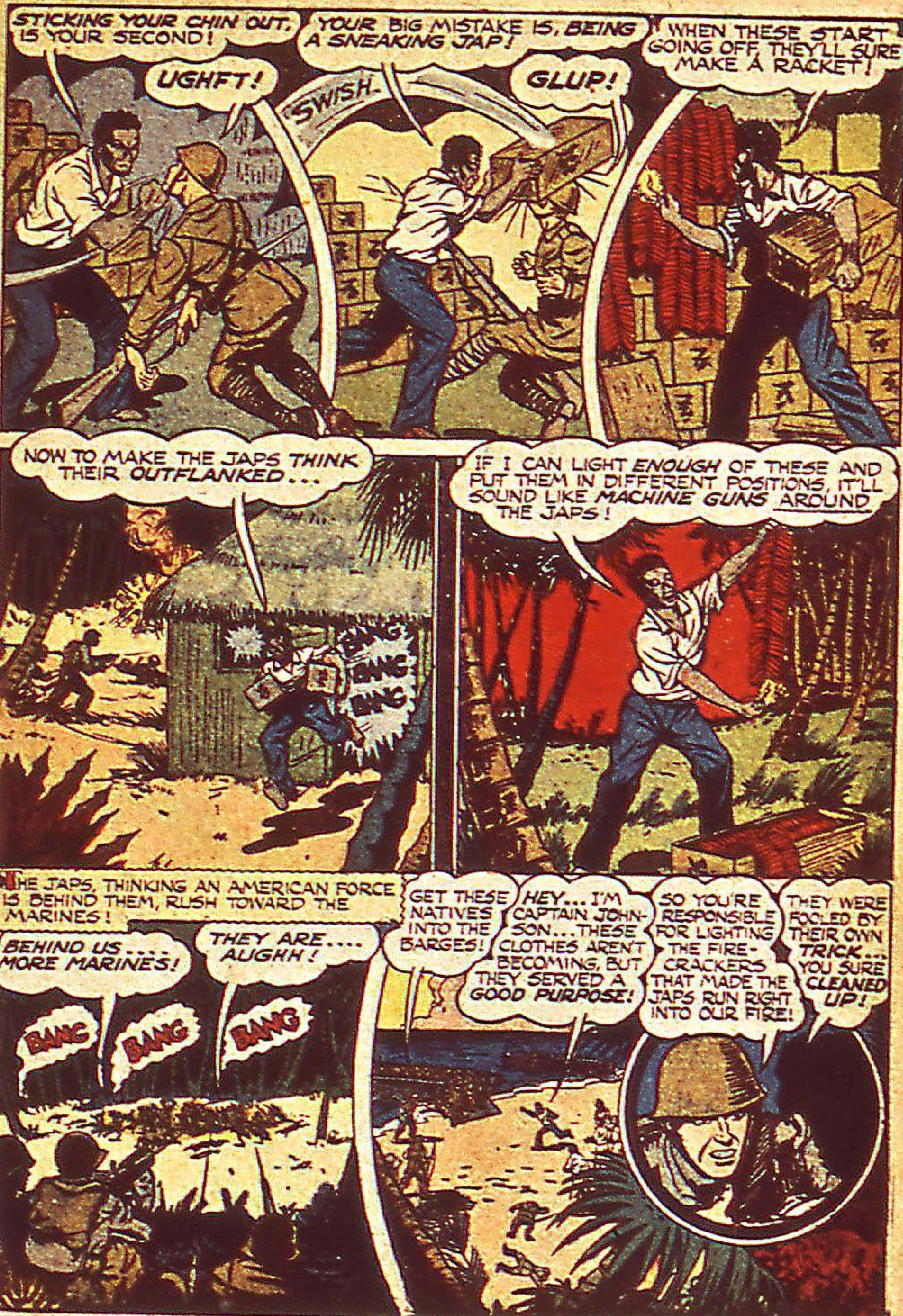

ALWAYS DID LIKE TO PLAY WITH MATCHES!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE 'FORE THAT AMMUNITION GOES OFF!
THE JAPS ARE OPENING UP WITH *HIDDEN MACHINE GUNS*, SIR!
WE'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE THIS TIME! *GIVE THE ORDER TO WITHDRAW*, SERGEANT!
SHUCKS! I WAS *JUST GETTIN' STARTED!*
YEAH, THE SARGE BLEW THE WHISTLE JUST AS I WAS DRAWIN' A *BEAD* ON A JAP SKUNK 'N I ALMOST *MISSED HIM!*
LATER...THE MARINE OFFICER REPORTS!
WE DESTROYED A LOT OF JAP EQUIPMENT! I WITHDREW WHEN THE JAPS STARTED FIRING THEIR *HIDDEN MACHINE GUNS*... IT SOUNDED LIKE THEY HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF THEM! *BUT, I LOST ONLY THREE MEN!*
HMM!
IF THEY HAVE SO MANY *MACHINE GUNS* YOU WOULD HAVE LOST MORE THAN *THREE MEN*. I'LL CONTACT OUR CARRIER AND ASK THEM TO SEND RE-CONNAISSANCE PLANES TO TAKE *PICTURES* OF THE ISLAND... WE *MUST* KNOW HOW *WELL* THEY'RE *DEFENDED!*
ABOARD A U.S. CARRIER...
CAPTAIN JOHNSON WILL CARRY THE CAMERAMAN IN HIS PLANE... REMEMBER, WE *MUST HAVE PICTURES OF THAT JAP HELD ISLAND... GET THEM AT ANY COST...* THAT'S ALL!
LET'S GO, FELLOWS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER!
TWO HOURS UNTIL DARK... WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

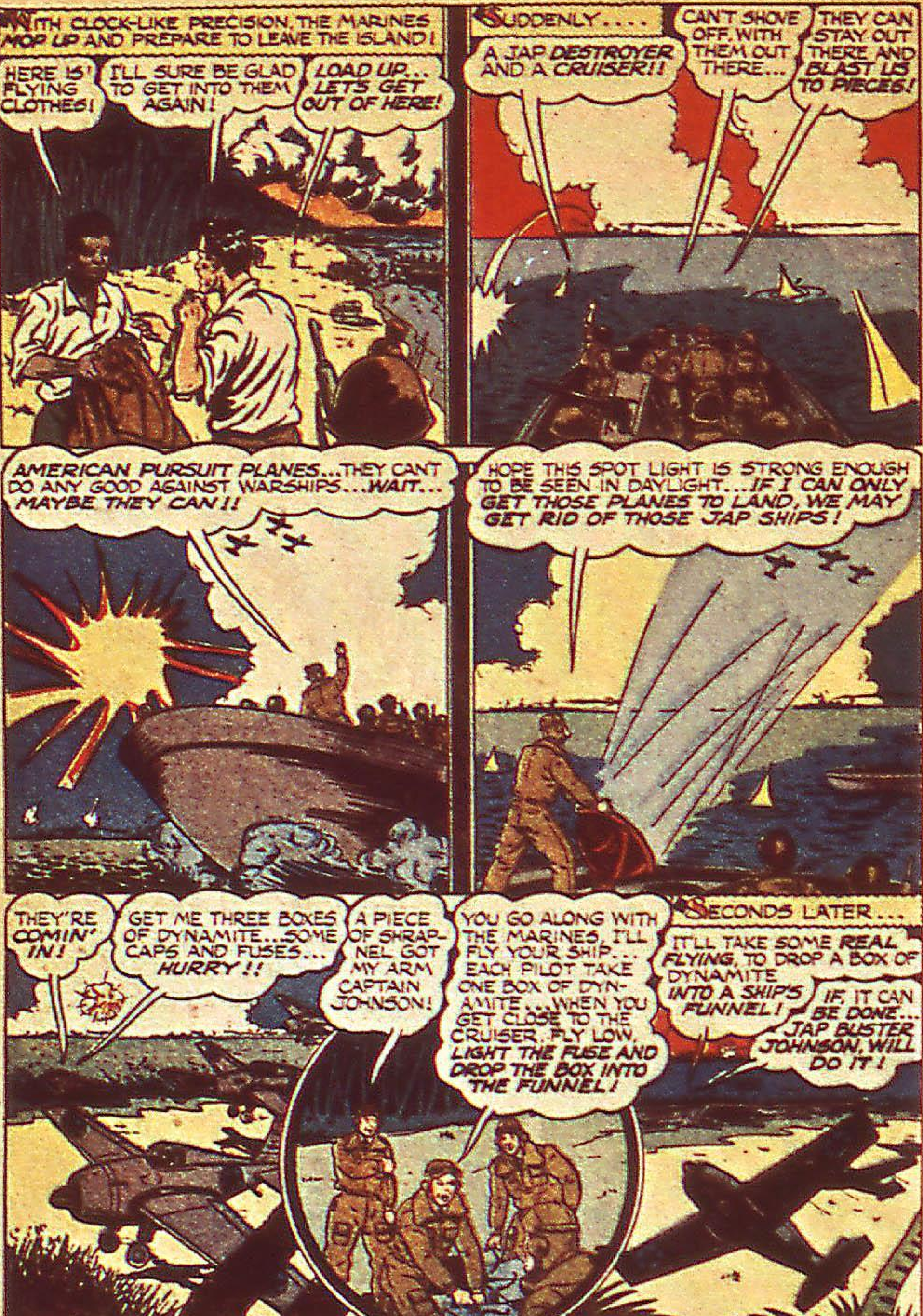

WHEN THE AMERICAN PLANES REACH THE ISLAND THE JAPS OPEN UP WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!
OKAY, START TAKING THEIR PICTURES!
I'D FEEL BETTER IF THIS WAS A MACHINE GUN!
THOSE JAPS SURE THROW A LOT OF STEEL...I'M GOING DOWN TO TAKE PICTURES... ALL PILOTS COVER ME!
THIS IS LIKE STICKING MY HEAD IN A BEAR TRAP!
WOW! THEY RIPPED INTO US THAT TIME! HEY, RUSS, ARE YOU HIT?
I-I'M NOT HIT...JUST GOT SPLINTERS IN MY FACE...THE CAMERA IS RUINED, THOUGH!
OWW! MY FACE!
PLANK
WHANG
MY ORDERS ARE TO GET INFORMATION AT ANY COST...CAN YOU TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS?
YEAH, BUT...
FLY DOWN AND LAND ON THE BEACH! I'LL HOP OUT AND YOU TAKE THE PLANE BACK...TOMORROW NIGHT FLY OVER THE ISLAND AND I'LL GIVE YOU A MESSAGE BY USING MY FLASHLIGHT!
THE PLANES OF CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S SQUADRON KEEP THE JAPS BUSY WHILE HIS PLANE PREPARES TO LAND!
SET HER DOWN, RUSS... DON'T STOP, JUST SLOW DOWN SO I CAN HOP OUT!
YOU'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE, CAPTAIN!

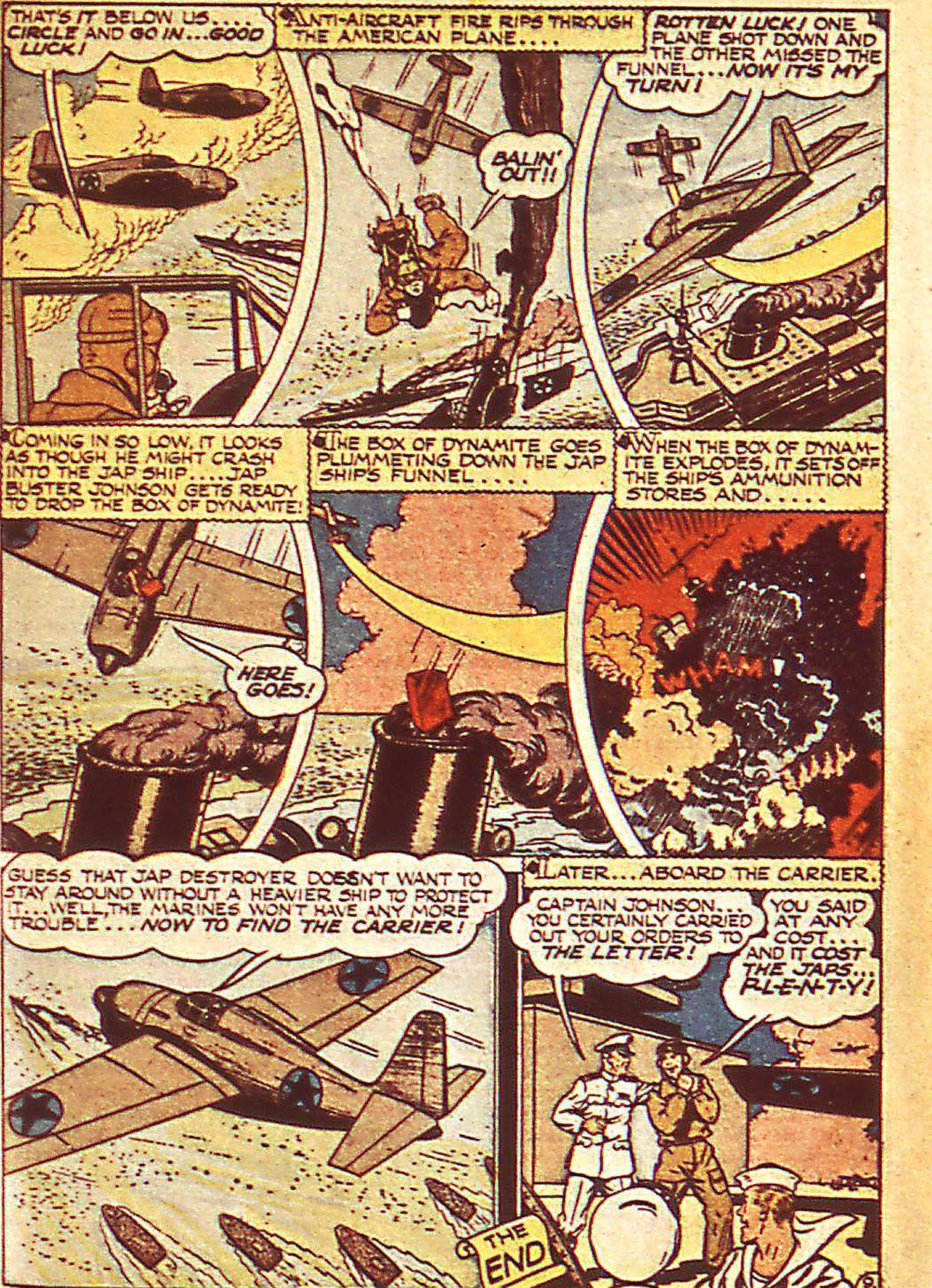

OKAY! GIVE 'ER THE GUN!
I'LL FLY OVER TOMORROW NIGHT...GOOD LUCK!
NO BULLETS WHIZZING AROUND...THAT MEANS THEY DIDN'T SEE ME...NOW TO WAIT UNTIL THE FIRING STOPS!
AN HOUR LATER...JOHNSON CRAWLS TO THE EDGE OF THE UNDERBRUSH!
THOSE DIRTY SKUNKS ARE MAKING THE NATIVES WORK FOR THEM...HMMM...IF I CAN GET TO THOSE NATIVES....
AFTER DARK JOHNSON SILENTLY CRAWLS TOWARD A GRASS HUT!
HOPE THAT JAP DOESNT TURN AROUND!
WHEW...MADE IT.... NOW IF THESE NATIVES DONT MAKE AN OUTCRY...
QUIET...I'M AN AMERICAN FLIER...CAN ANY OF YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
I SPEAK ENGLISH!
I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME SOME CLOTHES!
I CAN FIX!


EARLY NEXT MORNING.... JOHNSON, DRESSED LIKE A NATIVE, PAINTS HIS FACE!
HOPE IT DOESN'T RAIN OR I'LL LOSE MY DISGUISE!
HURRY! JAPS COME TO MAKE US WORK!
MOVE! QUICK... YOU STUPID FOOLS!
PUT THIS GROUP TO WORK ON THE HUTS THE HATED AMERICANS DESTROYED!
I'LL PAY YOU DOUBLE FOR THAT, CHUM!
TWO HOURS LATER....
THE GUARDS HAVE GONE TO SIT IN THE SHADE.... NOW'S MY CHANCE!
SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW TO SEE, WHAT THE JAPS DEFEND THIS ISLAND WITH!
OH! OH! A JAP!! GOOD THING THIS HUT'S HERE!
WHILE I'M HERE I'LL SEE WHAT'S IN... GOOD NIGHT....
FIRE CRACKERS!!! NOW, WHAT DO THEY DO WITH FIRE CRACKERS???
AFTER LOOKING OVER THE JAP DEFENSES THOROUGHLY, JOHNSON RETURNS TO WORK WITH THE NATIVES...
THERE CAN'T BE OVER TWO HUNDRED JAPS DEFENDING THIS ISLAND...IT WOULD TAKE MOST OF THEM TO MAN THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS...AND I ONLY SAW SIX MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENTS!


THAT NIGHT WHEN THE NATIVES ARE TAKEN BACK TO THEIR HUTS....
HMM...FIRE-CRACKERS...THE JAPS MUST LIGHT FIRE-CRACKERS WHEN A LAND FORCE ATTACKS... MAKING IT SOUND LIKE HEAVY MACHINE GUN FIRE!!
I HEAR MOTOR OF PLANES!!
I CAN STICK MY FLASHLIGHT THROUGH THIS HOLE WHEN THE PLANES COME OVER!
THEY'RE OVERHEAD NOW...HOPE THEY GET THIS MESSAGE...
MEANWHILE....
CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S ON THE JOB...ONLY TWO...HUNDRED... JAPS...ON...ISLAND...THEY USE FIRE...CRACKERS...OH BOY, WILL THE COMMANDER BE HAPPY TO GET THAT!!
IF THEY GOT MY MESSAGE A MARINE LANDING FORCE WILL PROBABLY ATTACK TOMORROW...IF THEY DO... I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF THE GUARDS!
WE DEAL WITH JAP GUARDS!
EARLY NEXT MORNING...
MARINES! MARINES!
TOO MANY, WE...AUGHH!
NOW IS THE TIME TO CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY LIKE I DID WHEN I WAS A KID!
WHEN CAPTAIN JOHNSON REACHES THE HUT WHERE THE FIRE CRACKERS ARE...
A NATIVE!!
THAT'S YOUR FIRST MISTAKE.....


STICKING YOUR CHIN OUT, IS YOUR SECOND!
UGHFT!
YOUR BIG MISTAKE IS, BEING A SNEAKING JAP!
SWISH
GLUP!
WHEN THESE START GOING OFF, THEY'LL SURE MAKE A RACKET!
NOW TO MAKE THE JAPS THINK THEIR OUTFLANKED...
BANG
BANG
BANG
IF I CAN LIGHT ENOUGH OF THESE AND PUT THEM IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS, IT'LL SOUND LIKE MACHINE GUNS AROUND THE JAPS!
THE JAPS, THINKING AN AMERICAN FORCE IS BEHIND THEM, RUSH TOWARD THE MARINES!
BEHIND US.... MORE MARINES!
THEY ARE.... AUGHH!
BANG
BANG
BANG
GET THESE NATIVES INTO THE BARGES!
HEY... I'M CAPTAIN JOHNSON... THESE CLOTHES ARENT BECOMING, BUT THEY SERVED A GOOD PURPOSE!
SO YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR LIGHTING THE FIRE-CRACKERS THAT MADE THE JAPS RUN RIGHT INTO OUR FIRE!
THEY WERE FOOLED BY THEIR OWN TRICK... YOU SURE CLEANED UP!


WITH CLOCK-LIKE PRECISION, THE MARINES MOP UP AND PREPARE TO LEAVE THE ISLAND!
HERE IS' FLYING CLOTHES!
I'LL SURE BE GLAD TO GET INTO THEM AGAIN!
LOAD UP... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
SUDDENLY....
A JAP DESTROYER AND A CRUISER!!
CAN'T SHOVE OFF, WITH THEM OUT THERE...
THEY CAN STAY OUT THERE AND BLAST US TO PIECES!
AMERICAN PURSUIT PLANES...THEY CANT DO ANY GOOD AGAINST WARSHIPS...WAIT... MAYBE THEY CAN!!
I HOPE THIS SPOT LIGHT IS STRONG ENOUGH TO BE SEEN IN DAYLIGHT...IF I CAN ONLY GET THOSE PLANES TO LAND, WE MAY GET RID OF THOSE JAP SHIPS!
THEY'RE COMIN' IN!
GET ME THREE BOXES OF DYNAMITE...SOME CAPS AND FUSES... HURRY!!
A PIECE OF SHRAPNEL GOT MY ARM CAPTAIN JOHNSON!
YOU GO ALONG WITH THE MARINES, I'LL FLY YOUR SHIP... EACH PILOT TAKE ONE BOX OF DYNAMITE...WHEN YOU GET CLOSE TO THE CRUISER, FLY LOW, LIGHT THE FUSE AND DROP THE BOX INTO THE FUNNEL!
SECONDS LATER...
IT'LL TAKE SOME REAL FLYING, TO DROP A BOX OF DYNAMITE INTO A SHIP'S FUNNEL!
IF, IT CAN BE DONE... JAP BUSTER JOHNSON, WILL DO IT!


THAT'S IT BELOW US.... CIRCLE AND GO IN...GOOD LUCK!
ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE RIPS THROUGH THE AMERICAN PLANE....
BALIN' OUT!!
ROTTEN LUCK! ONE PLANE SHOT DOWN AND THE OTHER MISSED THE FUNNEL...NOW IT'S MY TURN!
COMING IN SO LOW, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE MIGHT CRASH INTO THE JAP SHIP....JAP BUSTER JOHNSON GETS READY TO DROP THE BOX OF DYNAMITE!
HERE GOES!
THE BOX OF DYNAMITE GOES PLUMMETING DOWN THE JAP SHIP'S FUNNEL....
WHEN THE BOX OF DYNAMITE EXPLODES, IT SETS OFF THE SHIP'S AMMUNITION STORES AND.....
WHAM!
GUESS THAT JAP DESTROYER DOESN'T WANT TO STAY AROUND WITHOUT A HEAVIER SHIP TO PROTECT IT...WELL, THE MARINES WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE...NOW TO FIND THE CARRIER!
LATER...ABOARD THE CARRIER.
CAPTAIN JOHNSON... YOU CERTAINLY CARRIED OUT YOUR ORDERS TO THE LETTER!
YOU SAID AT ANY COST... AND IT COST THE JAPS... P-L-E-N-T-Y!
THE END

DARE-DEVIL

THE LAST THREE steps seemed about as long as if they were miles. Mike pushed back his shoulders resolutely and forced his unwilling feet through the door of Captain Hartland's office, up to the big, glass topped desk.

Captain Hartland looked up from beneath greying brows, his stern face impassive and hard. "Have a chair, Mike," he invited calmly. "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir." Mike sat down. Even that required an effort. He felt ill at ease, over-conscious of his greasy work clothes, of his hands blackened and discolored and gnarled.

The Captain said, "I've been talking with Mr. Blain about your driving, Mike."

Mike repeated, "Yes, sir." His mouth was dry and he had to force the first question. "What's . . . wrong with it, Captain?"

Captain Hartland rested his elbows on the desk, hands clasped. Over them he studied Mike critically from brown eyes. "What?" he asked quietly, "is the prescribed speed with a 6x6 cargo, Mike?"

For a moment there was silence, broken from outside by the steady drumming of typewriters. A phone jangled somewhere and Mike shifted his body uneasily. "Depends on what gear you're using. And if the front wheel drive is engaged—"

"What's the speed then?"

"Thirty-eight . . . or about that."

"Oh. About that. What speed do *you* usually drive them, Mike?"

"Thirty-eight . . . about that somewhere."

"I see." Again there was silence and again the patter of typewriters intruded. "Last week, Mike, you had some trouble with a job you were road testing. It was, specifically, a broken propeller shaft. I don't say it was your fault entirely. There could have been a defect in the material, in the installation. But it wasn't the first time with you, Mike. It's happened before . . . and since."

Mike nodded feeling hot and chilly at the same time, with queer sensations running up and down his spine. Words didn't come easily and he felt confused . . . at a disadvantage.

"I'm afraid, Mike," the Captain resumed, breaking the pressing silence, "that we'll have to put you on other work—"

"I can't do anything else!" The words burst from Mike's trembling lips. He leaned forward gripping the arms of the chair.

"I've already told Mr. Blane to take you off the light trucks and motorcycles, Mike." The Captain unclasped his hands. "You will be testing but on the slower jobs. You're a little too quick on the gas, Mike. We don't want to lose you. We need men here. You're young and experienced. Steady down, Mike. Take it easier. Try to be a little . . . slower!"

MIKE TRAMPED disheartedly back into the big shop, pressing into the smell of gas and oil, the sound of the scraper. Off to one side a welding torch popped into life, hissed softly.

For a little while Mike busied himself under the big ten ton truck he'd been working on. Some of the heart had gone out of him, some of the interest in his work. He loved cars, loved to work on their glistening parts, fitting them carefully, keeping them working smoothly. He hated to see a piece of machinery abused. That was why it was so unjust. Mike knew, deeply and firmly, that he hadn't been at fault. . . .

Someone asked heavily, "See the Captain?"

Mike hesitated. He put down the wrench he'd been using, caught hold of the edge of the running board and rolled himself out into the open on the creeper.

Standing up Mike faced Blane. "Yah, I saw him. He admitted he'd had a talk with you, that I was to be put on the *slower* jobs! Of course, you didn't suggest that anything could have been wrong with the parts—or the way they'd been installed!"

"Why should I?" Blane leaned his thin, small body against the rear mudguard, sharp eyes fixing themselves upon Mike. "I worked on most of those jobs, Mike. I'm sure there was nothing wrong with them. It's your fault . . . what's more you know it!"

"No I don't." Words came smoothly to Mike's tongue now. He moved closer. "I know it *wasn't* my fault. I know that you're trying to get in solid with the captain, that you've got it in for me as well as for everyone else in the shop. You're riding everyone!"

Blane said, "If I wanted to

get you bounced, Mike, I'd have done it long ago. Your record isn't so hot. As a mechanic . . . I've seen better. Much better!"

Again Mike moved forward, his muscles knotting swiftly.

"Go ahead," the foreman invited. "Why don't you try it?"

"You'd like to have me take a poke at you," Mike muttered, holding back. "That *would* give you something on me. Well, I'll do just that, Blane. The day I get through here, I'll whip you till you can't stand up straight!"

BUT THERE had been something wrong in the past, Mike told himself. All those accidents hadn't just happened to him. First the motorcycle crack-up the day the chain busted. Then the 4x4 reconn, the jeep two days later, and the big 10 ton job. . . .

It had been a slim thing to go on but Mike kept remembering what Blane had said when Mike called up for a wrecker to come out and tow him in. Blane had snapped, "Axle busted, I suppose! How big a hole did you hit? Or was it a curb!"

Mike remembered and now, as Blane slid away between the lines of drab-green vehicles, Mike dropped reflectively, pulled himself under the job where he could think. There was something wrong. It hadn't just happened . . . Blane always knew just what *had* been wrong. . . .

Wheeling the big combination out the gate, Mike felt a wave of rebellion sweep him. Blane knew something. Mike found the words dancing before his eyes which were fixed upon the country road winding into the brown hills. He shoved the big job gently into second, pulled up a small grade and over to the side of the road. For a moment he sat at the wheel, then he opened the door and slid down.

Mike made a careful inspection of the big combination. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack, combing the thing from stem to stern. But he went doggedly about it, overlooking nothing, prying into everything from brakes and lines to the big engine under the cab. Finally holding the bumper he swung head and shoulders under the front axle, reaching up to the shackle bolts.

The shackle bolts were just barely holding! Two were gone. A third was run down to the last couple of threads. The fourth was holding the heavy front assembly in place, and the first big bump he hit at almost any speed. . . .

Mike climbed back behind the wheel. Gingerly he nursed the big combination along the road. Just beyond one of the scattered homes along the country road, he pulled off to the side, running the front inside wheel into the ditch so that it would look at first very much as if the assembly on that side had given under the strain and buckled back, dropping the cab. After that Mike walked back to the house, knocked and asked to use the phone.

Blane answered, his voice crackling with anger and triumph. "I suppose," he snapped, "you jumped a curb and the front axle snapped. Okay. I'll be out myself. Stay with the job!"

MIKE WATCHED the army sedan approaching along the road. His heart hammered faster when it drew to a stop and not only Blane but Captain Hartland got out. They walked up to where the big combination stood. Without a word Blane shoved past Mike and around to the right side of the big job.

"Too bad this had to happen so soon," Captain Hartland told Mike. "It has happened so often—"

Mike interrupted quietly, "Nothing's the matter!"

Blane hurried back, his face perplexed, eyes uneasy. "I thought you said it was the front axle, Mike—"

"I didn't say anything," Mike answered. "You were the one who told me! I've been thinking a lot about that, Blane. Every time something went wrong on these jobs and I've had to call you for a wrecker . . . you knew before I told you what had happened to them. How come? How did you know?"

Blane's eyes shifted uneasily. He took a step backward, looking down at the big front wheel of the combination. He said, "I—I don't remember that. You told me—"

"I told you this job had been giving me trouble. *You* told me, you supposed the front axle had buckled. You knew it would. You loosened the shackles up, left them just hanging to get me in dutch. I found them that way, Blane. And I haven't touched them. Look for yourself!"

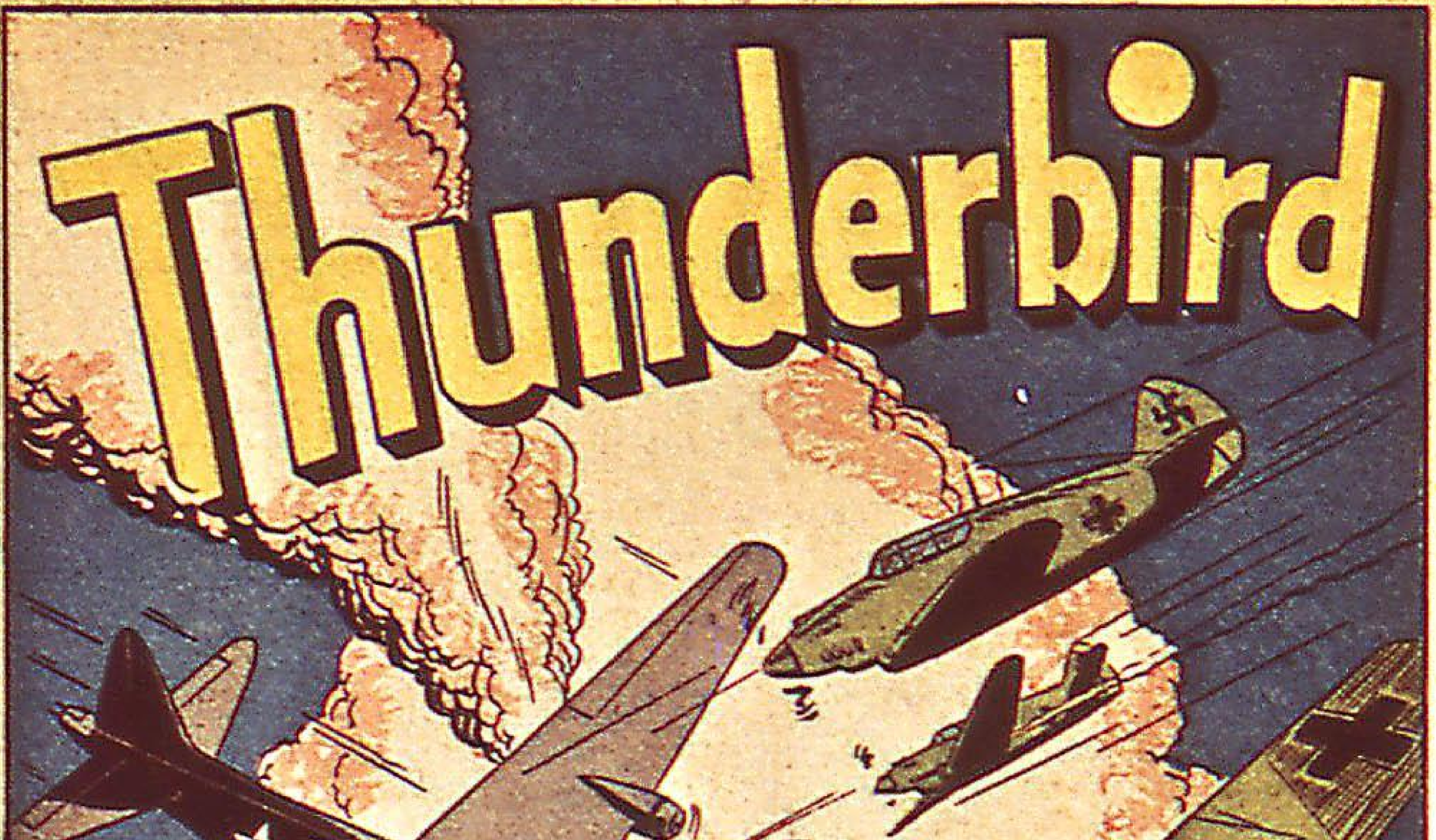
Blane's face thinned with anger. Captain Hartland went to the front of the car and looked under. He straightened, came back wiping his hands on a handkerchief. He asked, "Nothing to say, Blane?"

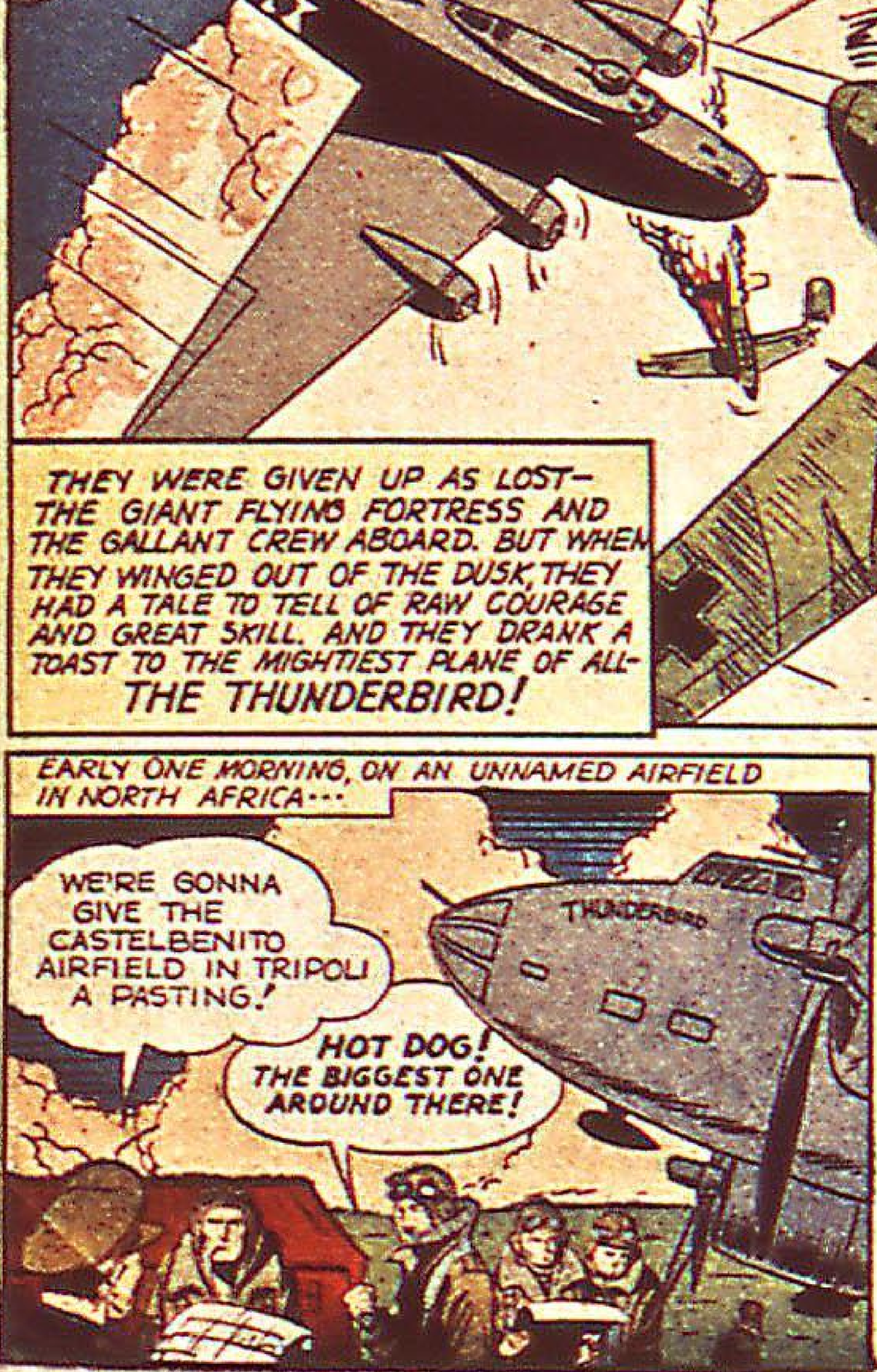
"It doesn't matter. I'll resign. Intended to anyhow," Blane retorted harshly. "Plenty of other jobs. Ones paying more money. If you want a bunch of crazy kids working on these trucks—"

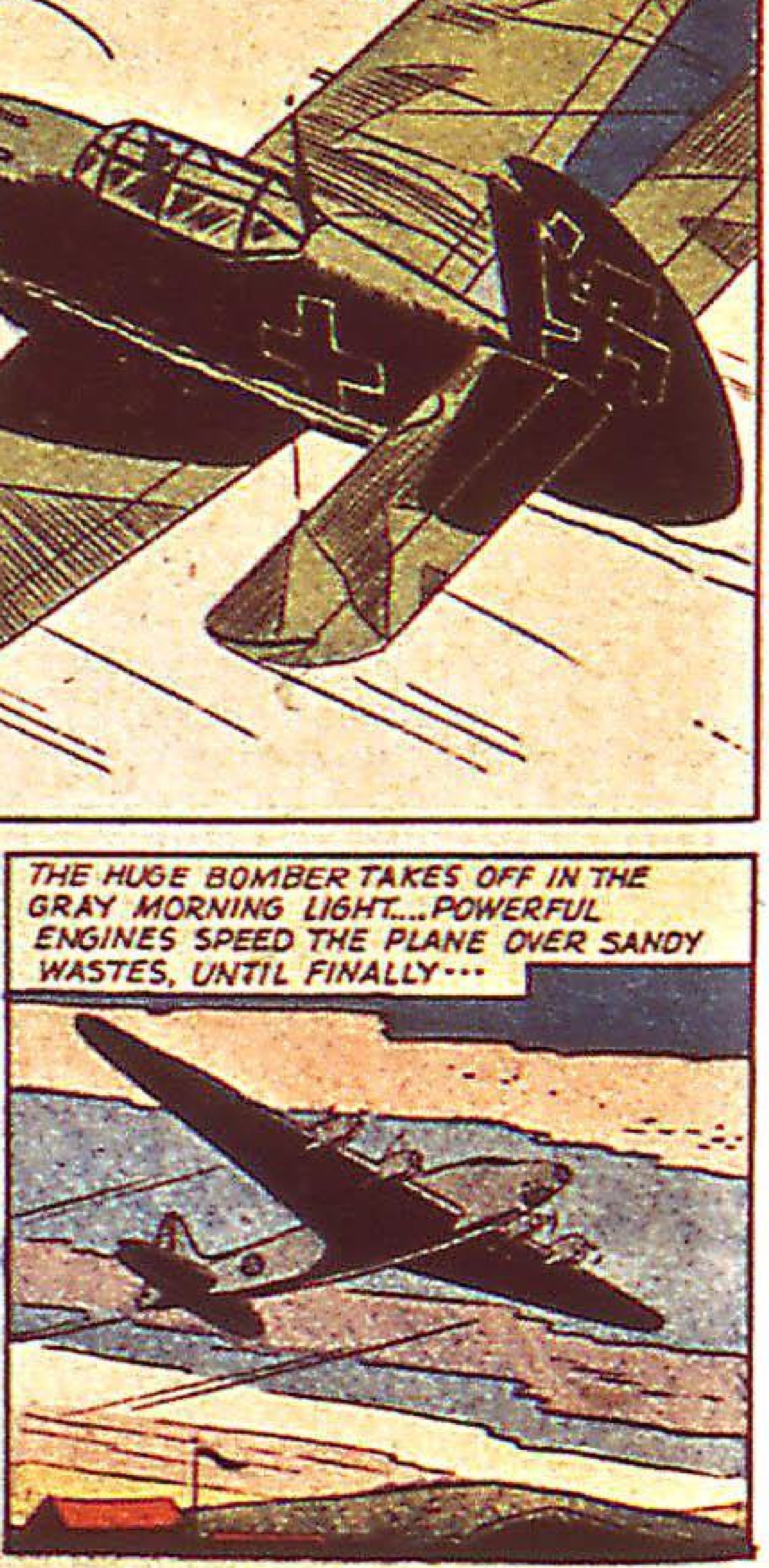
"Crazy kids!" Mike muttered. Then he chuckled. "I don't know about that, Blane. Seems to me the crazy kids are doing the most and the best work in this war. Maybe you'd be better off if you were a little nutty . . . like the rest of us!"

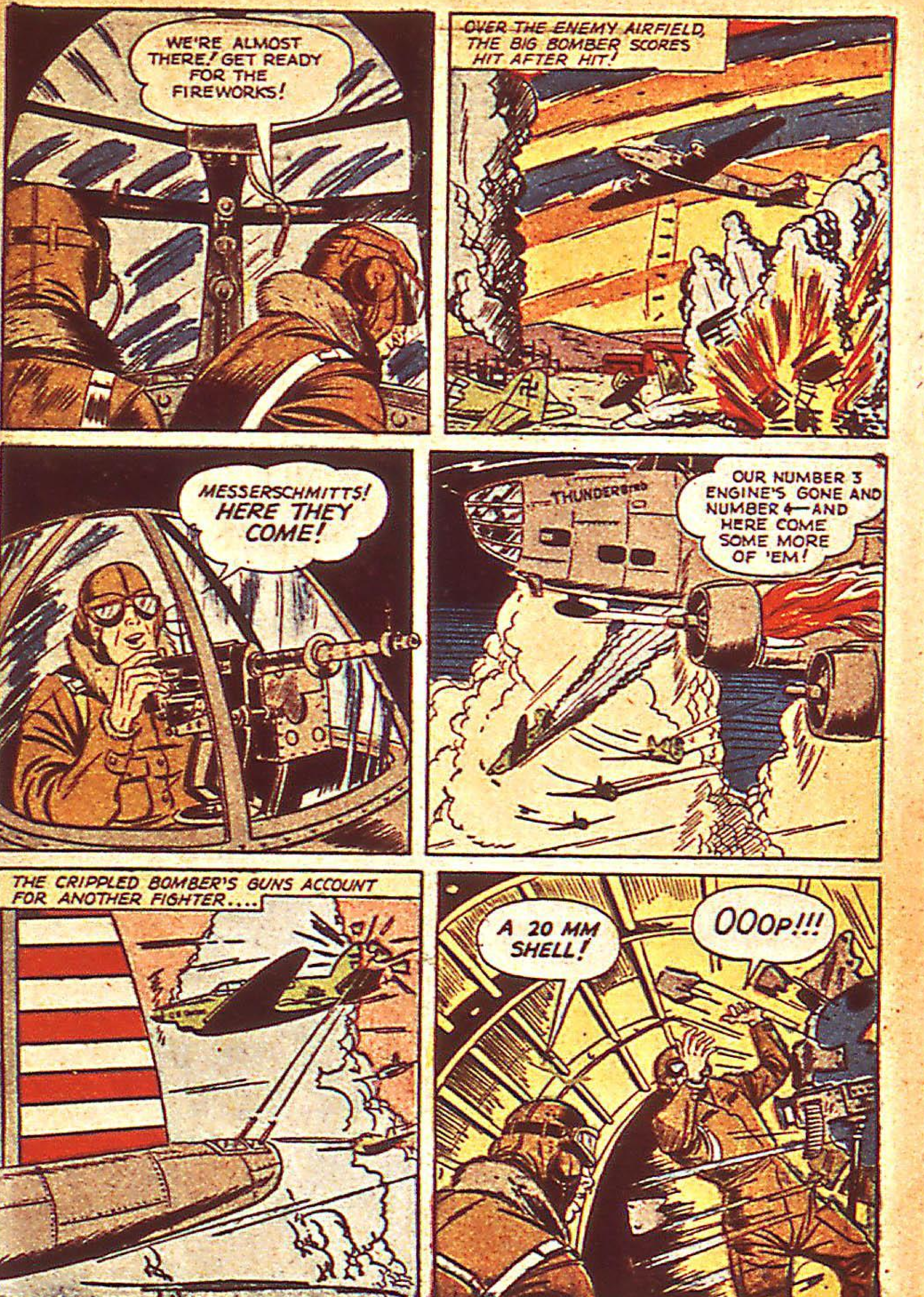
The End.

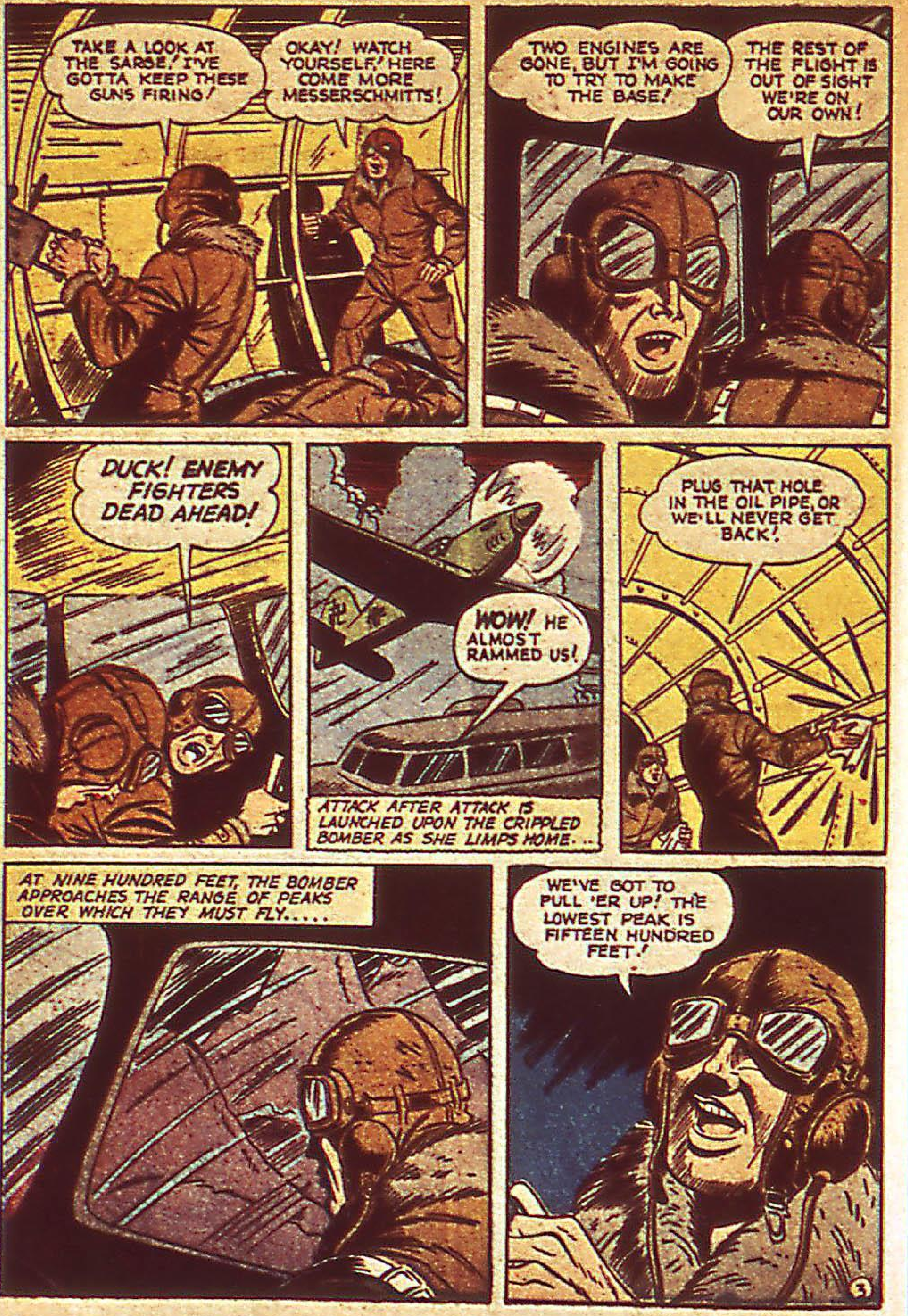
Thunderbird

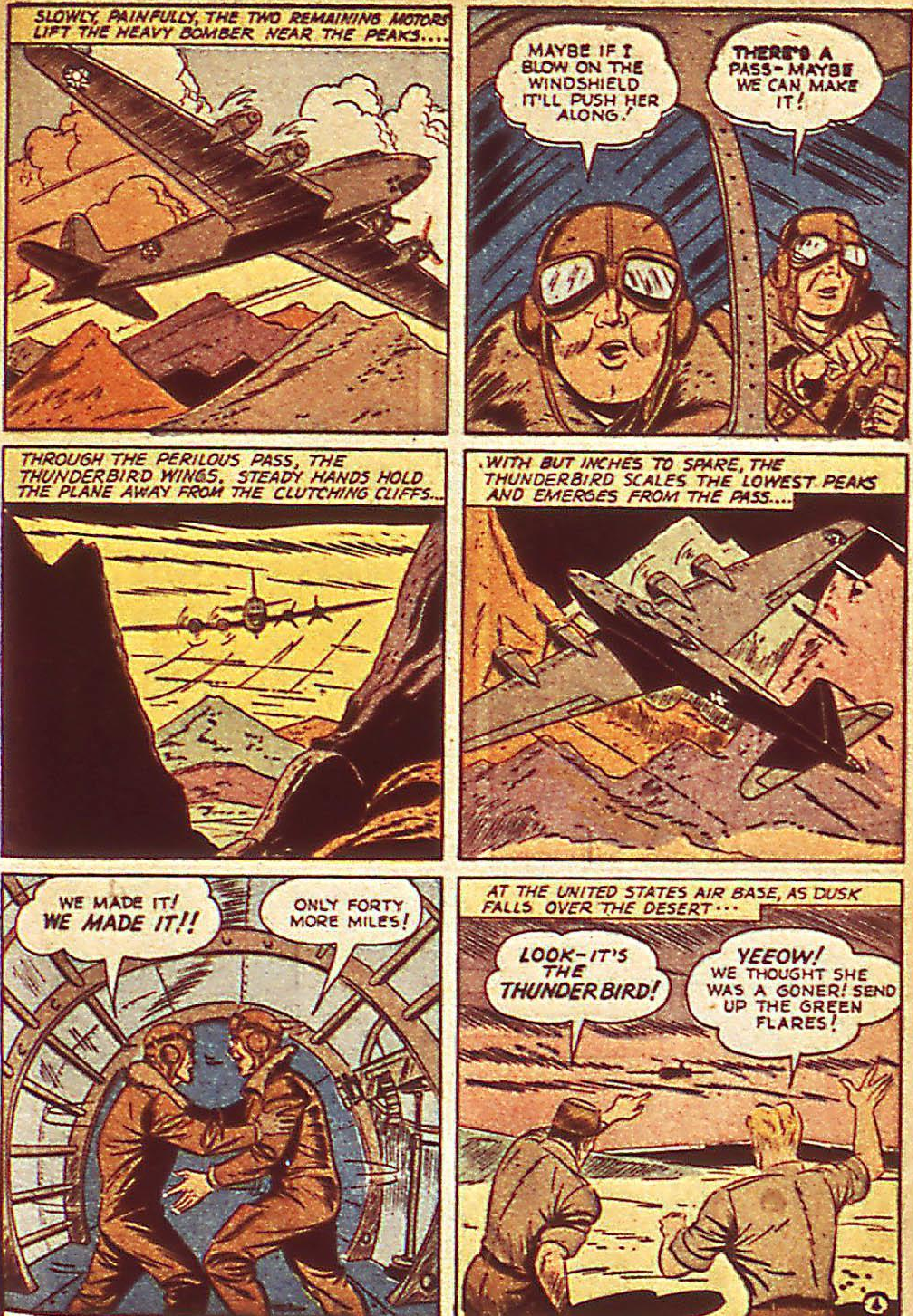

THEY WERE GIVEN UP AS LOST— THE GIANT FLYING FORTRESS AND THE GALLANT CREW ABOARD. BUT WHEN THEY WINGED OUT OF THE DUSK, THEY HAD A TALE TO TELL OF RAW COURAGE AND GREAT SKILL. AND THEY DRANK A TOAST TO THE MIGHTIEST PLANE OF ALL— THE THUNDERBIRD!

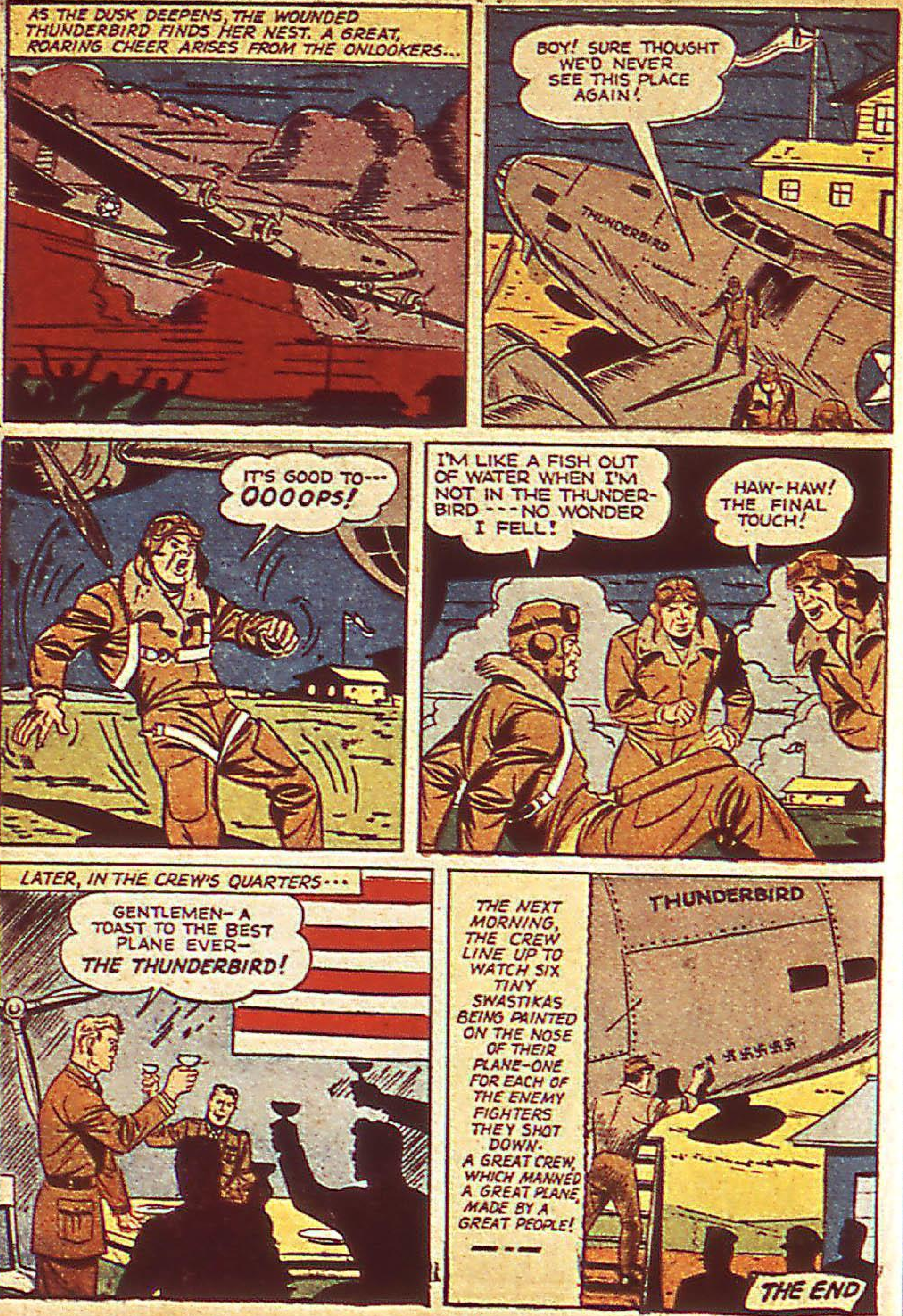

EARLY ONE MORNING, ON AN UNNAMED AIRFIELD IN NORTH AFRICA···
THUNDERBIRD
WE'RE GONNA GIVE THE CASTELBENITO AIRFIELD IN TRIPOLI A PASTING!
HOT DOG! THE BIGGEST ONE AROUND THERE!

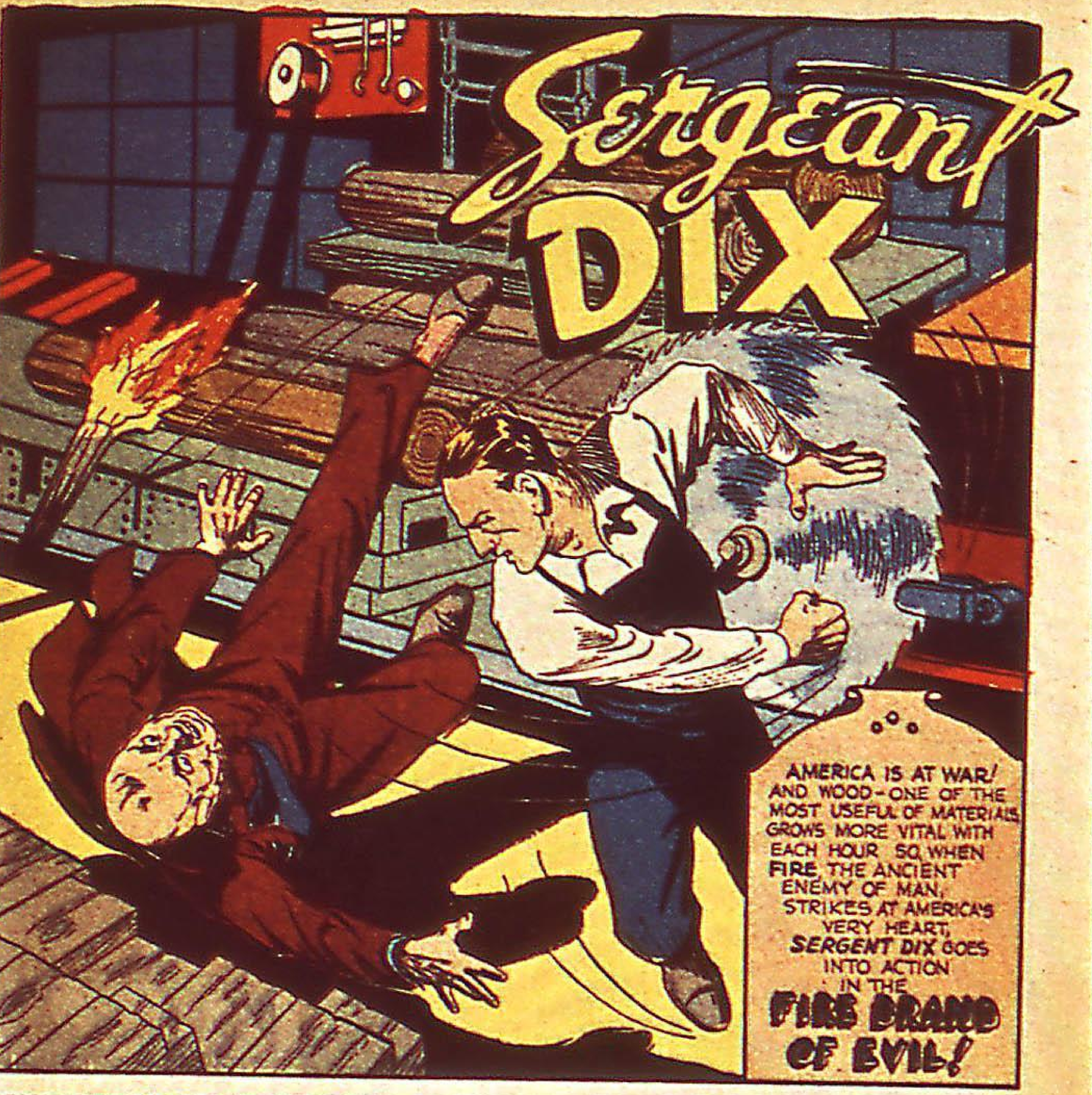

THE HUGE BOMBER TAKES OFF IN THE GRAY MORNING LIGHT.... POWERFUL ENGINES SPEED THE PLANE OVER SANDY WASTES, UNTIL FINALLY···

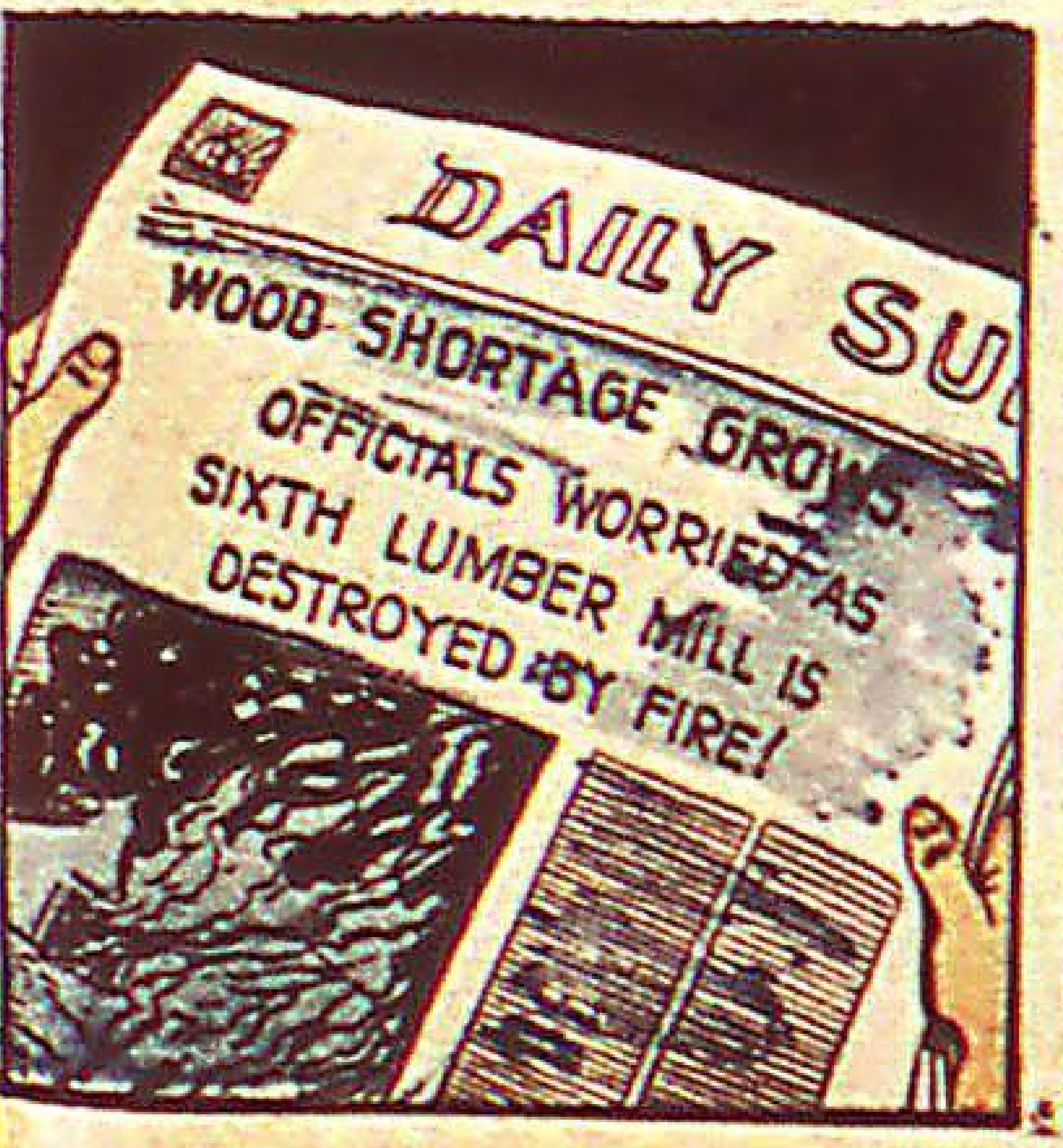

WE'RE ALMOST THERE! GET READY FOR THE FIREWORKS!
OVER THE ENEMY AIRFIELD, THE BIG BOMBER SCORES HIT AFTER HIT!
MESSERSCHMITTS! HERE THEY COME!
THUNDERBIRD
OUR NUMBER 3 ENGINE'S GONE AND NUMBER 4—AND HERE COME SOME MORE OF 'EM!
THE CRIPPLED BOMBER'S GUNS ACCOUNT FOR ANOTHER FIGHTER....
A 20 MM SHELL!
OOOP!!!

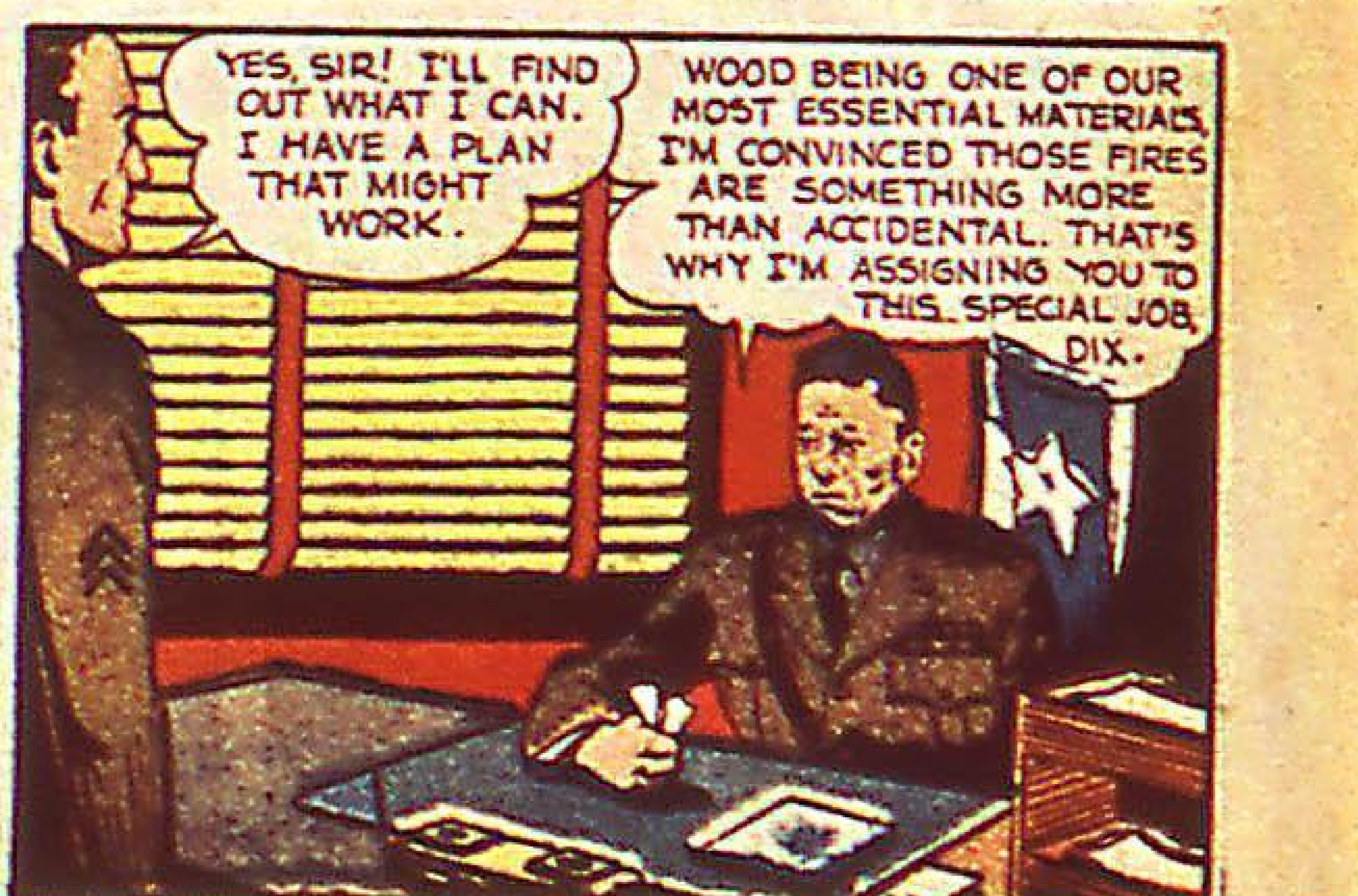

TAKE A LOOK AT THE SARGE! I'VE GOTTA KEEP THESE GUNS FIRING!
OKAY! WATCH YOURSELF! HERE COME MORE MESSERSCHMITTS!
TWO ENGINES ARE GONE, BUT I'M GOING TO TRY TO MAKE THE BASE!
THE REST OF THE FLIGHT IS OUT OF SIGHT WE'RE ON OUR OWN!
DUCK! ENEMY FIGHTERS DEAD AHEAD!
WOW! HE ALMOST RAMMED US!
ATTACK AFTER ATTACK IS LAUNCHED UPON THE CRIPPLED BOMBER AS SHE LIMPS HOME...
PLUG THAT HOLE IN THE OIL PIPE, OR WE'LL NEVER GET BACK!
AT NINE HUNDRED FEET, THE BOMBER APPROACHES THE RANGE OF PEAKS OVER WHICH THEY MUST FLY.....
WE'VE GOT TO PULL 'ER UP! THE LOWEST PEAK IS FIFTEEN HUNDRED FEET!
3

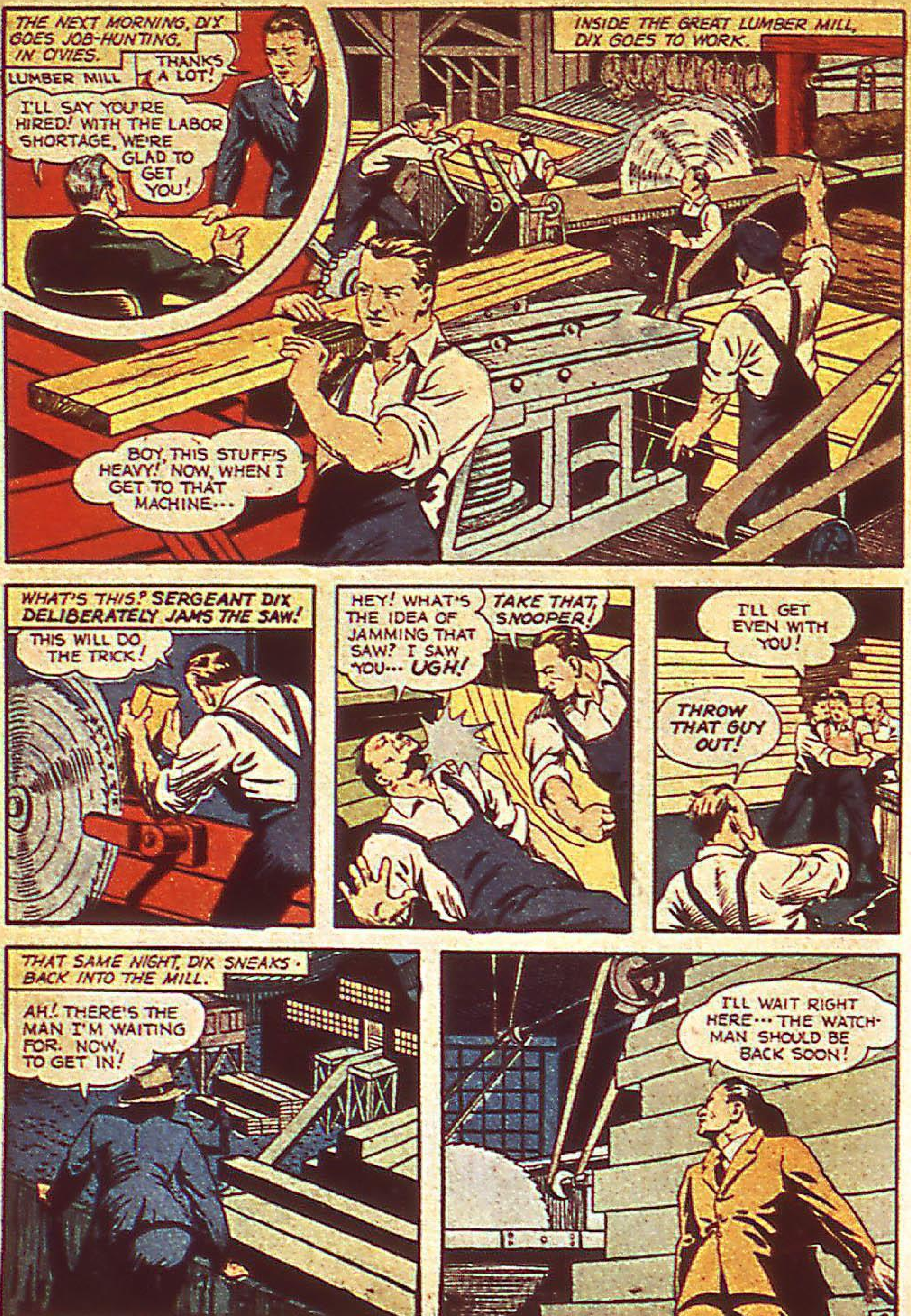

SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, THE TWO REMAINING MOTORS LIFT THE HEAVY BOMBER NEAR THE PEAKS....
MAYBE IF I BLOW ON THE WINDSHIELD IT'LL PUSH HER ALONG!
THERE'S A PASS- MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT!
THROUGH THE PERILOUS PASS, THE THUNDERBIRD WINGS. STEADY HANDS HOLD THE PLANE AWAY FROM THE CLUTCHING CLIFFS...
WITH BUT INCHES TO SPARE, THE THUNDERBIRD SCALES THE LOWEST PEAKS AND EMERGES FROM THE PASS...
WE MADE IT! WE MADE IT!!
ONLY FORTY MORE MILES!
AT THE UNITED STATES AIR BASE, AS DUSK FALLS OVER THE DESERT...
LOOK-IT'S THE THUNDERBIRD!
YEEOW! WE THOUGHT SHE WAS A GONER! SEND UP THE GREEN FLARES!
4

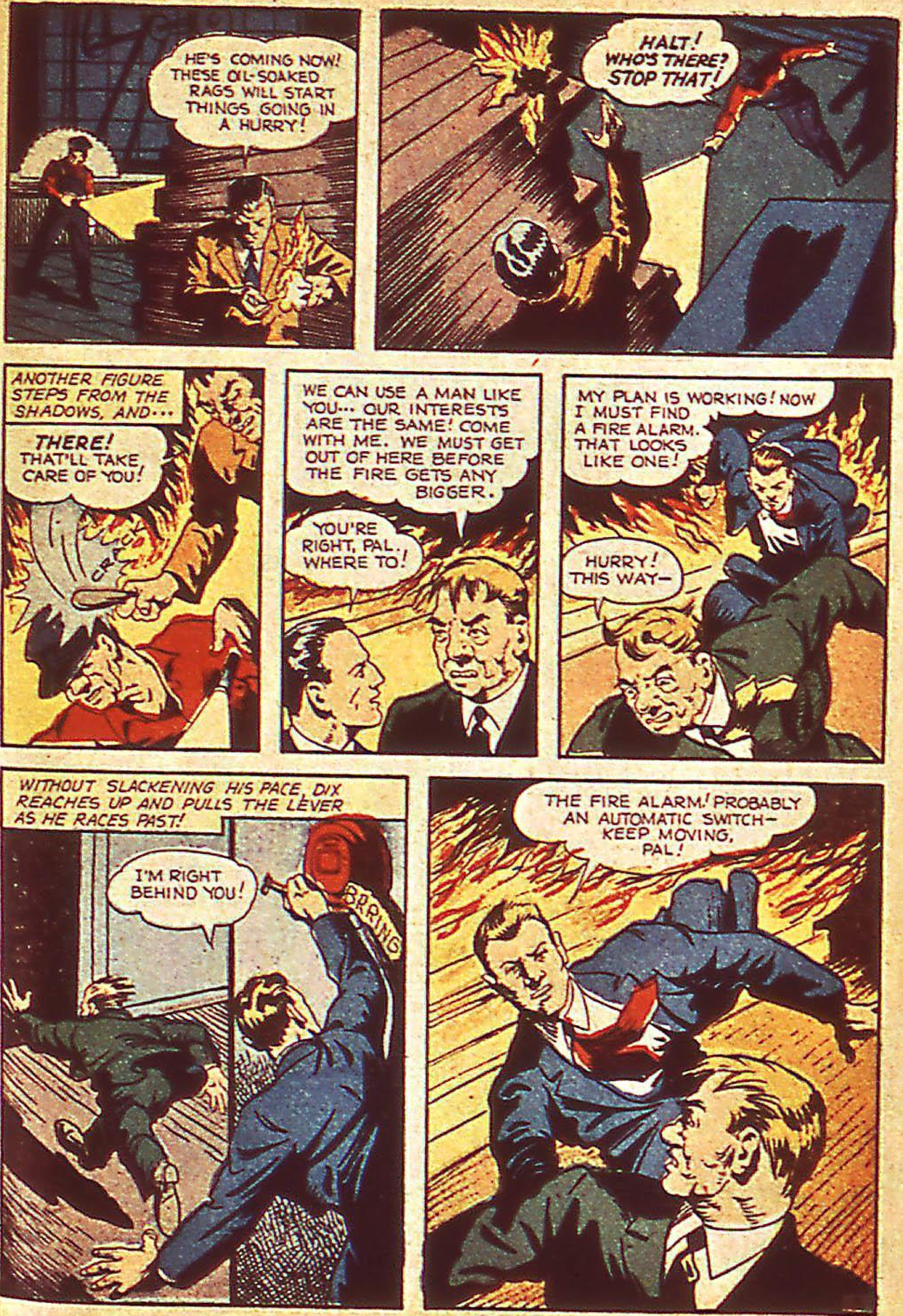

AS THE DUSK DEEPENS, THE WOUNDED THUNDERBIRD FINDS HER NEST. A GREAT, ROARING CHEER ARISES FROM THE ONLOOKERS...
BOY! SURE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER SEE THIS PLACE AGAIN!
THUNDERBIRD
IT'S GOOD TO--- OOOOPS!
I'M LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER WHEN I'M NOT IN THE THUNDERBIRD---NO WONDER I FELL!
HAW-HAW! THE FINAL TOUCH!
LATER, IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS...
GENTLEMEN- A TOAST TO THE BEST PLANE EVER- THE THUNDERBIRD!
THE NEXT MORNING, THE CREW LINE UP TO WATCH SIX TINY SWASTIKAS BEING PAINTED ON THE NOSE OF THEIR PLANE-ONE FOR EACH OF THE ENEMY FIGHTERS THEY SHOT DOWN. A GREAT CREW, WHICH MANNED A GREAT PLANE, MADE BY A GREAT PEOPLE!
THUNDERBIRD
THE END

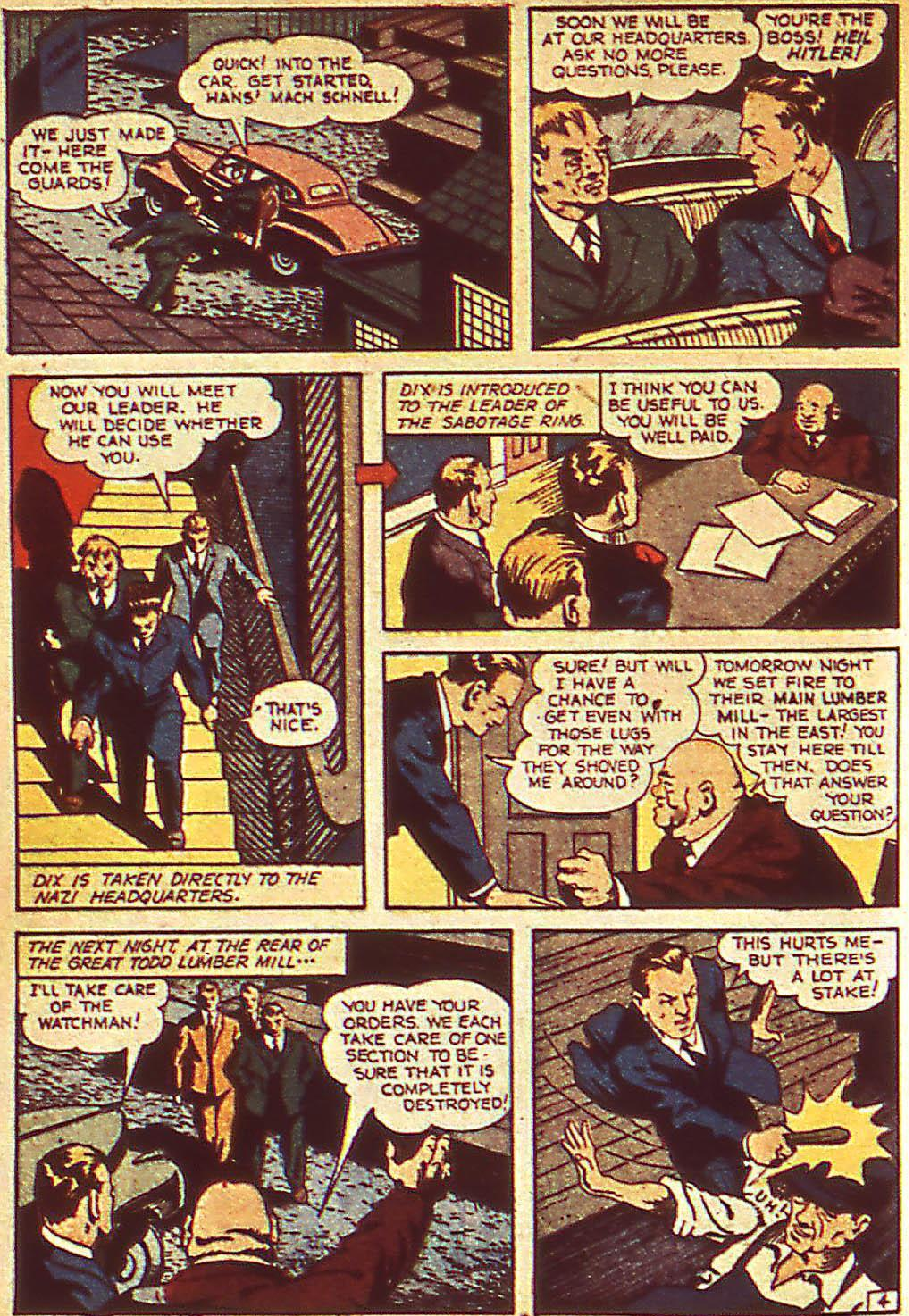

Sergeant
DIX
AMERICA IS AT WAR! AND WOOD - ONE OF THE MOST USEFUL OF MATERIALS GROWS MORE VITAL WITH EACH HOUR. SO, WHEN FIRE, THE ANCIENT ENEMY OF MAN, STRIKES AT AMERICA'S VERY HEART, SERGENT DIX GOES INTO ACTION IN THE FIRE BRAND OF EVIL!

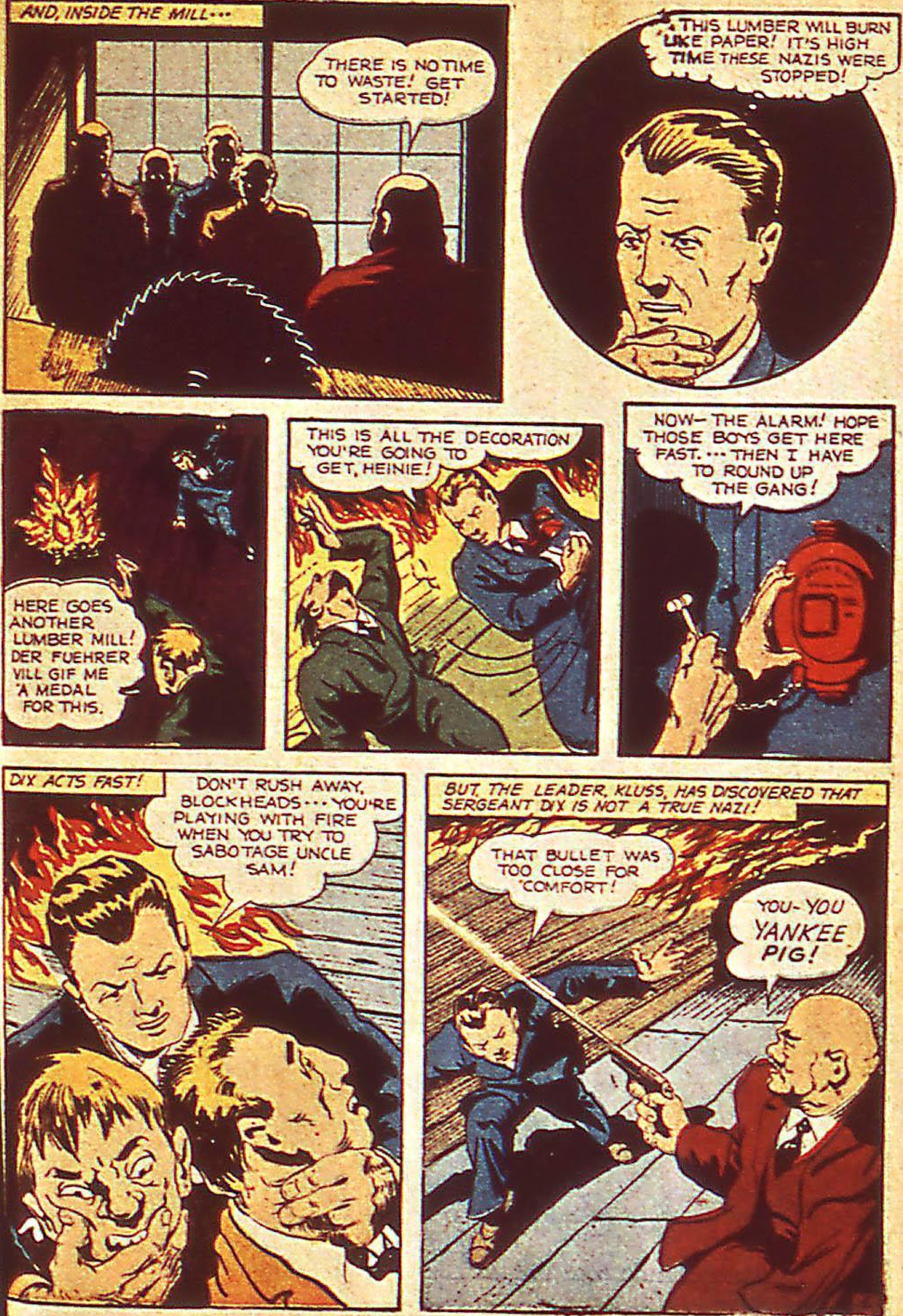

DAILY SU
WOOD SHORTAGE GROWS.
OFFICIALS WORRIED AS SIXTH LUMBER MILL IS DESTROYED BY FIRE!

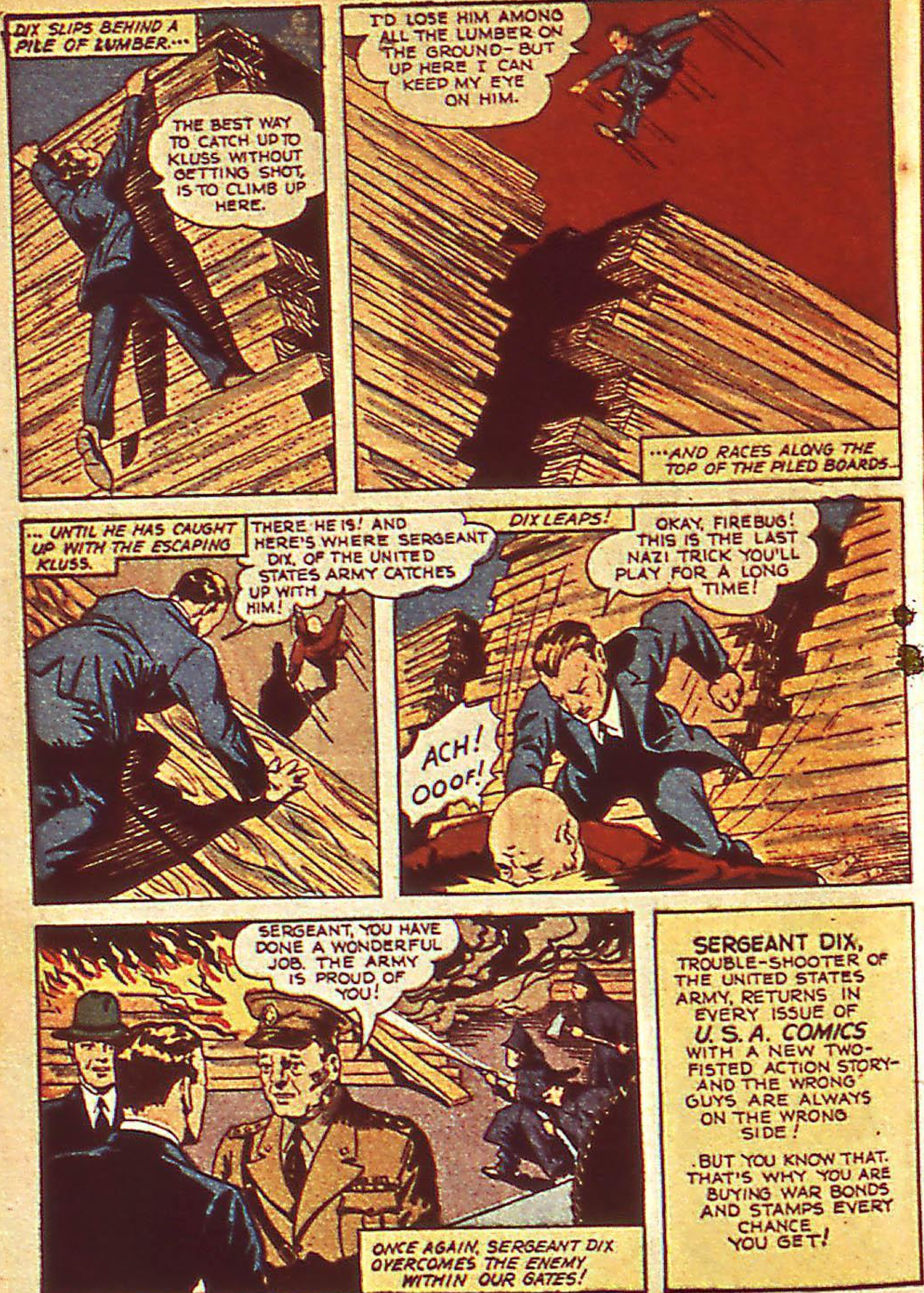

YES, SIR! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT I CAN. I HAVE A PLAN THAT MIGHT WORK.
WOOD BEING ONE OF OUR MOST ESSENTIAL MATERIALS, I'M CONVINCED THOSE FIRES ARE SOMETHING MORE THAN ACCIDENTAL. THAT'S WHY I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO THIS SPECIAL JOB, DIX.


THE NEXT MORNING, DIX GOES JOB-HUNTING, IN CIVIES.
LUMBER MILL
THANKS A LOT!
I'LL SAY YOU'RE HIRED! WITH THE LABOR SHORTAGE, WE'RE GLAD TO GET YOU!
INSIDE THE GREAT LUMBER MILL, DIX GOES TO WORK.
BOY, THIS STUFF'S HEAVY! NOW, WHEN I GET TO THAT MACHINE...
WHAT'S THIS? SERGEANT DIX DELIBERATELY JAMS THE SAW!
THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!
HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF JAMMING THAT SAW? I SAW YOU... UGH!
TAKE THAT, SNOOPER!
I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU!
THROW THAT GUY OUT!
THAT SAME NIGHT, DIX SNEAKS BACK INTO THE MILL.
AH! THERE'S THE MAN I'M WAITING FOR. NOW, TO GET IN!
I'LL WAIT RIGHT HERE... THE WATCHMAN SHOULD BE BACK SOON!

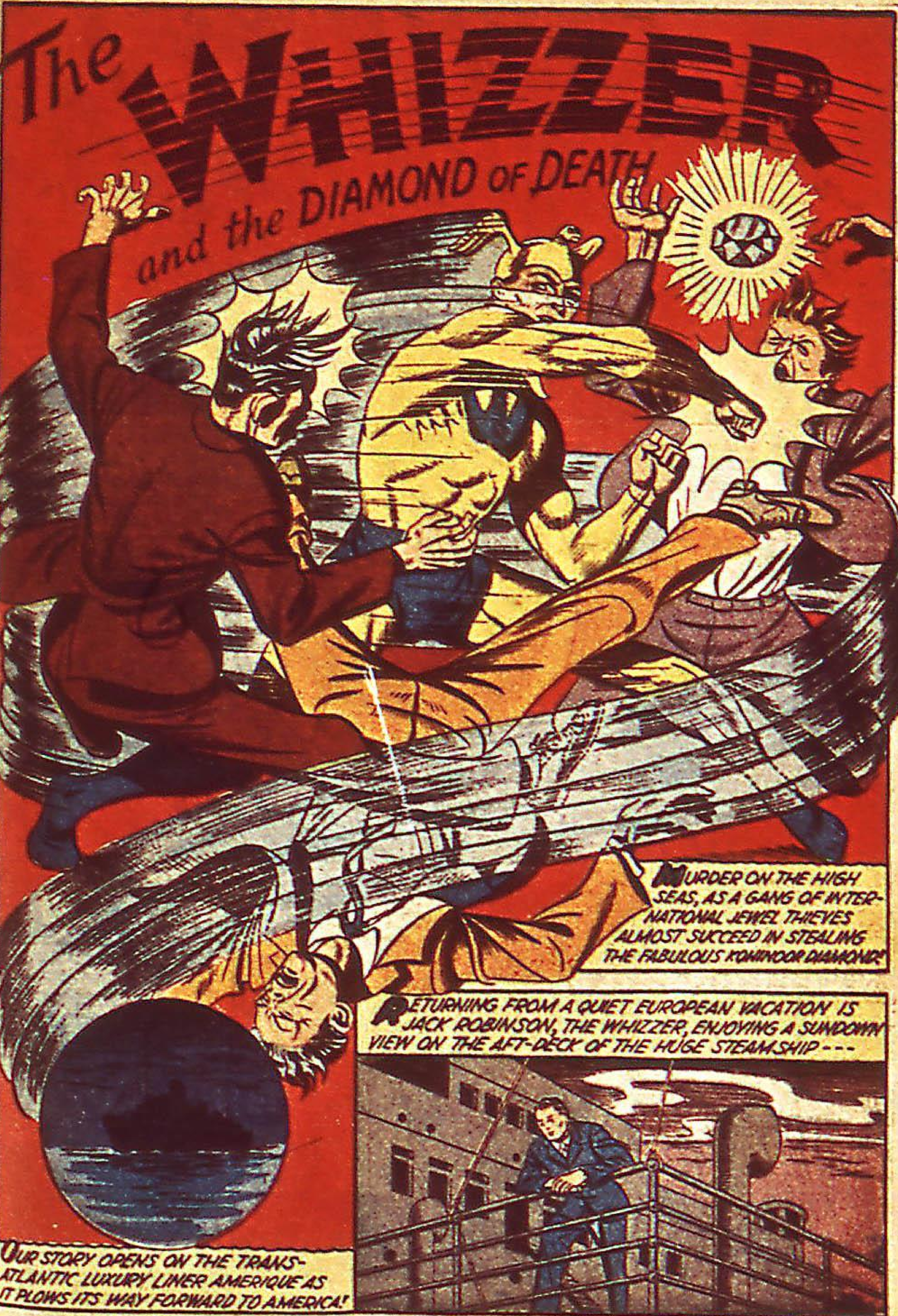

HE'S COMING NOW! THESE OIL-SOAKED RAGS WILL START THINGS GOING IN A HURRY!
HALT! WHO'S THERE? STOP THAT!
ANOTHER FIGURE STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS, AND...
THERE! THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
CRACK
WE CAN USE A MAN LIKE YOU... OUR INTERESTS ARE THE SAME! COME WITH ME. WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE FIRE GETS ANY BIGGER.
YOU'RE RIGHT, PAL. WHERE TO!
MY PLAN IS WORKING! NOW I MUST FIND A FIRE ALARM. THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE!
HURRY! THIS WAY—
WITHOUT SLACKENING HIS PACE, DIX REACHES UP AND PULLS THE LEVER AS HE RACES PAST!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
BRRING
THE FIRE ALARM! PROBABLY AN AUTOMATIC SWITCH— KEEP MOVING, PAL!

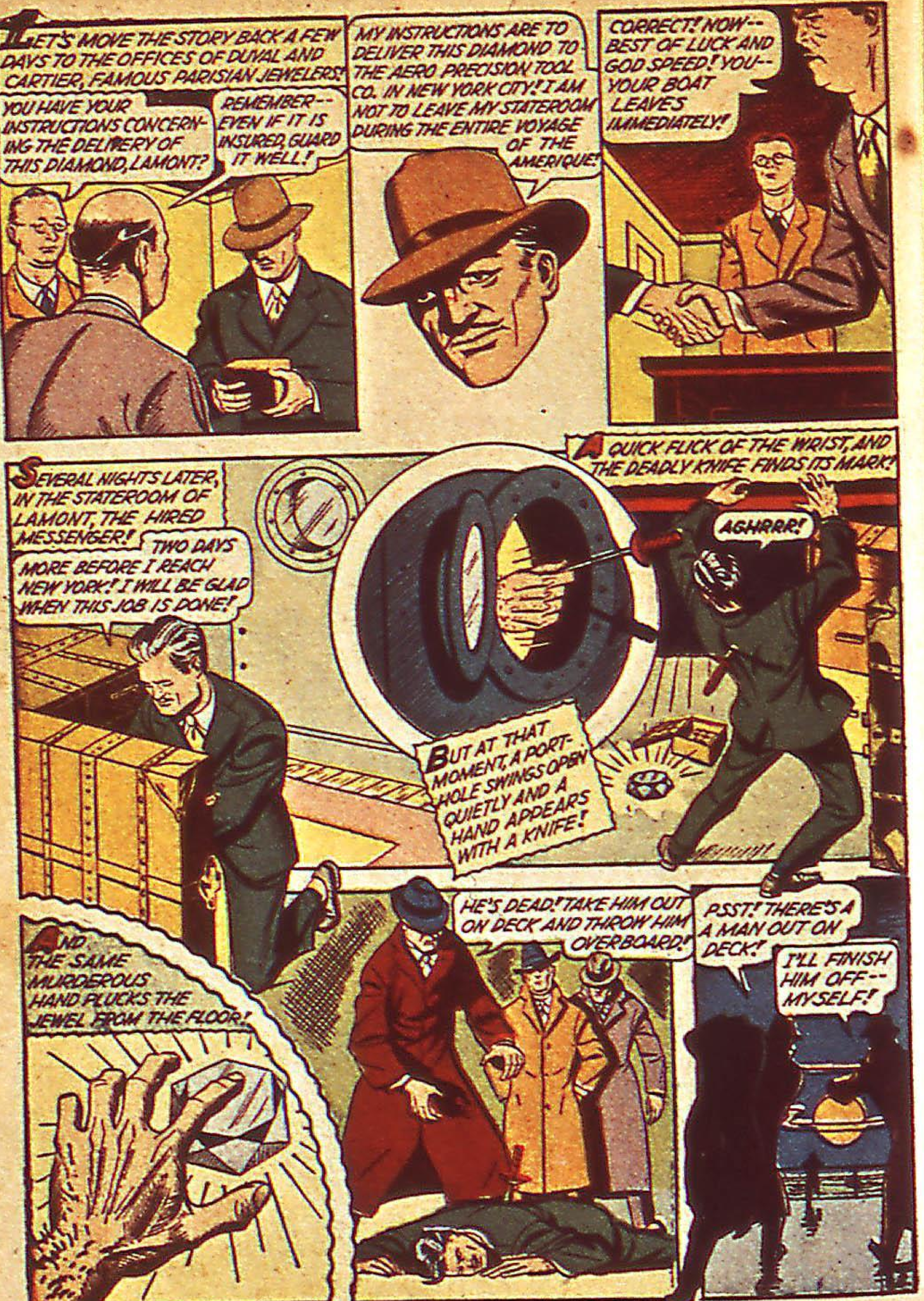

QUICK! INTO THE CAR. GET STARTED, HANS! MACH SCHNELL!
WE JUST MADE IT- HERE COME THE GUARDS!
SOON WE WILL BE AT OUR HEADQUARTERS. ASK NO MORE QUESTIONS, PLEASE.
YOU'RE THE BOSS! HEIL HITLER!
NOW YOU WILL MEET OUR LEADER. HE WILL DECIDE WHETHER HE CAN USE YOU.
THAT'S NICE.
DIX IS TAKEN DIRECTLY TO THE NAZI HEADQUARTERS.
DIX IS INTRODUCED TO THE LEADER OF THE SABOTAGE RING.
I THINK YOU CAN BE USEFUL TO US. YOU WILL BE WELL PAID.
SURE! BUT WILL I HAVE A CHANCE TO GET EVEN WITH THOSE LUGS FOR THE WAY THEY SHOVED ME AROUND?
TOMORROW NIGHT WE SET FIRE TO THEIR MAIN LUMBER MILL- THE LARGEST IN THE EAST! YOU STAY HERE TILL THEN. DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?
THE NEXT NIGHT, AT THE REAR OF THE GREAT TODD LUMBER MILL···
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE WATCHMAN!
YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS. WE EACH TAKE CARE OF ONE SECTION TO BE-SURE THAT IT IS COMPLETELY DESTROYED!
THIS HURTS ME- BUT THERE'S A LOT AT STAKE!
UH!

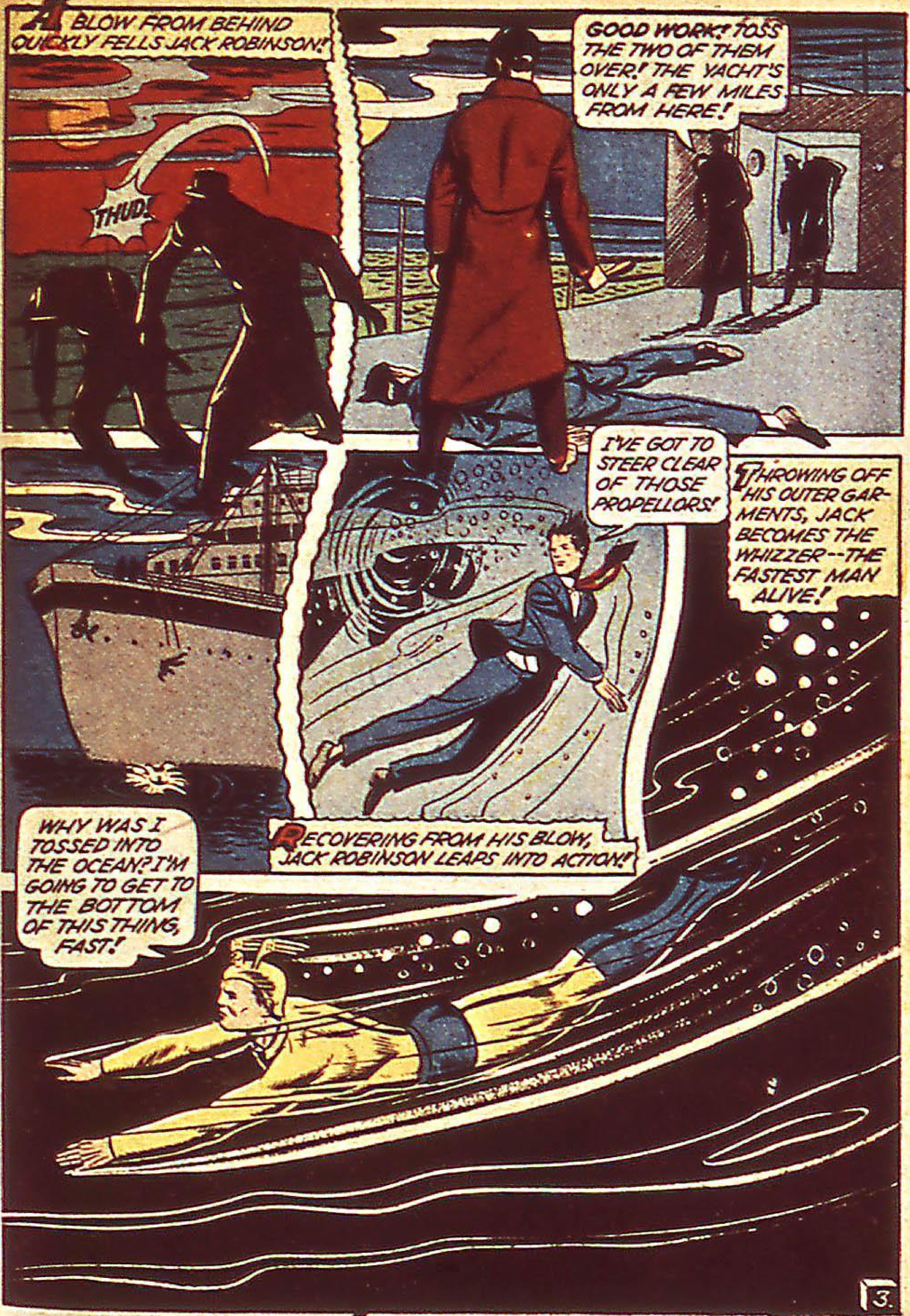

AND, INSIDE THE MILL...
THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE! GET STARTED!
...THIS LUMBER WILL BURN LIKE PAPER! IT'S HIGH TIME THESE NAZIS WERE STOPPED!
HERE GOES ANOTHER LUMBER MILL! DER FUEHRER VILL GIF ME A MEDAL FOR THIS.
THIS IS ALL THE DECORATION YOU'RE GOING TO GET, HEINIE!
NOW- THE ALARM! HOPE THOSE BOYS GET HERE FAST. ... THEN I HAVE TO ROUND UP THE GANG!
DIX ACTS FAST!
DON'T RUSH AWAY, BLOCKHEADS... YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE WHEN YOU TRY TO SABOTAGE UNCLE SAM!
BUT, THE LEADER, KLUSS, HAS DISCOVERED THAT SERGEANT DIX IS NOT A TRUE NAZI!
THAT BULLET WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
YOU- YOU YANKEE PIG!

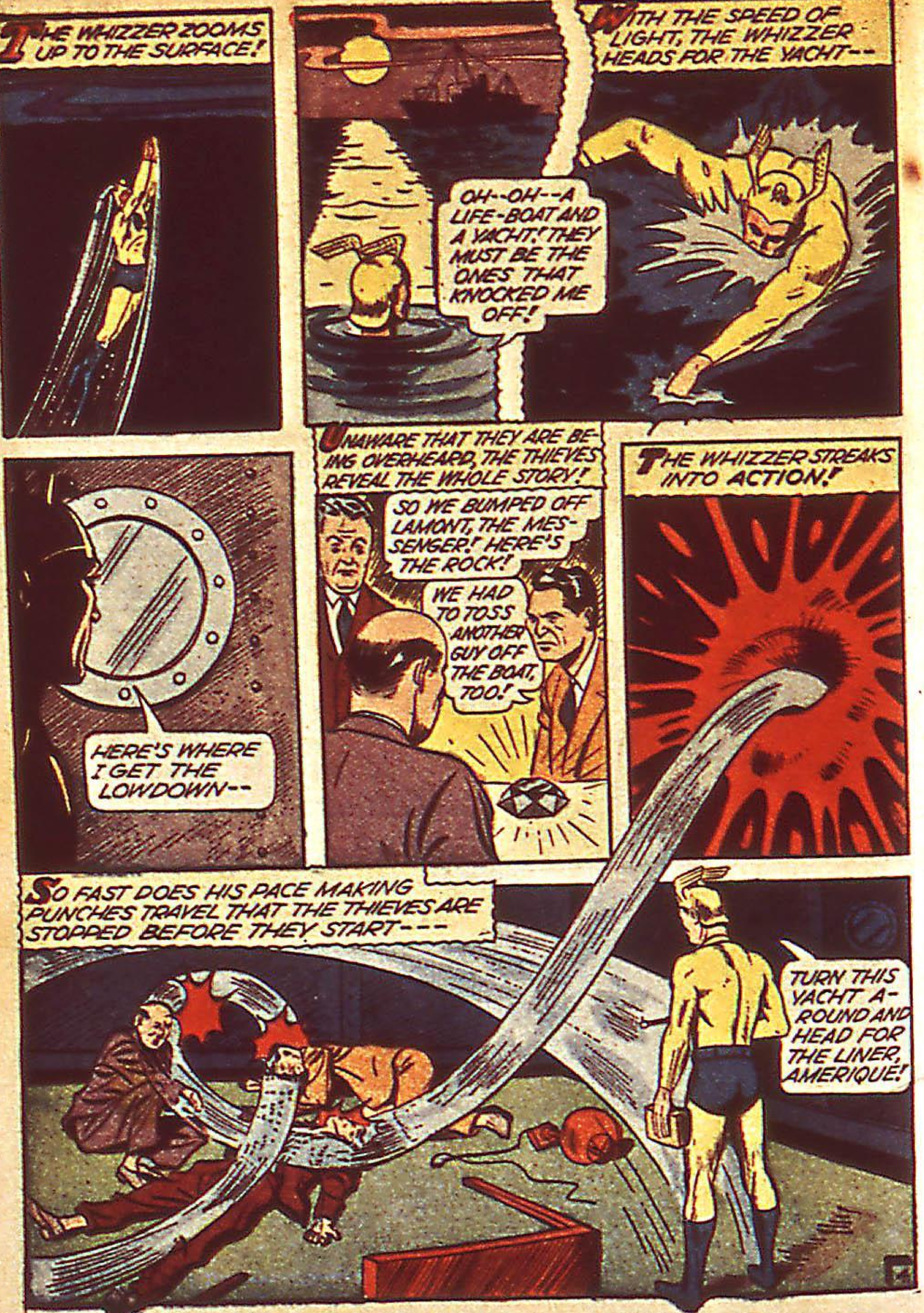

DIX SLIPS BEHIND A PILE OF LUMBER...
THE BEST WAY TO CATCH UP TO KLUSS WITHOUT GETTING SHOT, IS TO CLIMB UP HERE.
I'D LOSE HIM AMONG ALL THE LUMBER ON THE GROUND– BUT UP HERE I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON HIM.
...AND RACES ALONG THE TOP OF THE PILED BOARDS.
... UNTIL HE HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE ESCAPING KLUSS.
THERE HE IS! AND HERE'S WHERE SERGEANT DIX, OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY CATCHES UP WITH HIM!
DIX LEAPS!
OKAY, FIREBUG! THIS IS THE LAST NAZI TRICK YOU'LL PLAY FOR A LONG TIME!
ACH! OOOF!
SERGEANT, YOU HAVE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB. THE ARMY IS PROUD OF YOU!
ONCE AGAIN, SERGEANT DIX OVERCOMES THE ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES!
SERGEANT DIX, TROUBLE-SHOOTER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, RETURNS IN EVERY ISSUE OF U. S. A. COMICS WITH A NEW TWO-FISTED ACTION STORY– AND THE WRONG GUYS ARE ALWAYS ON THE WRONG SIDE!
BUT YOU KNOW THAT. THAT'S WHY YOU ARE BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS EVERY CHANCE YOU GET!

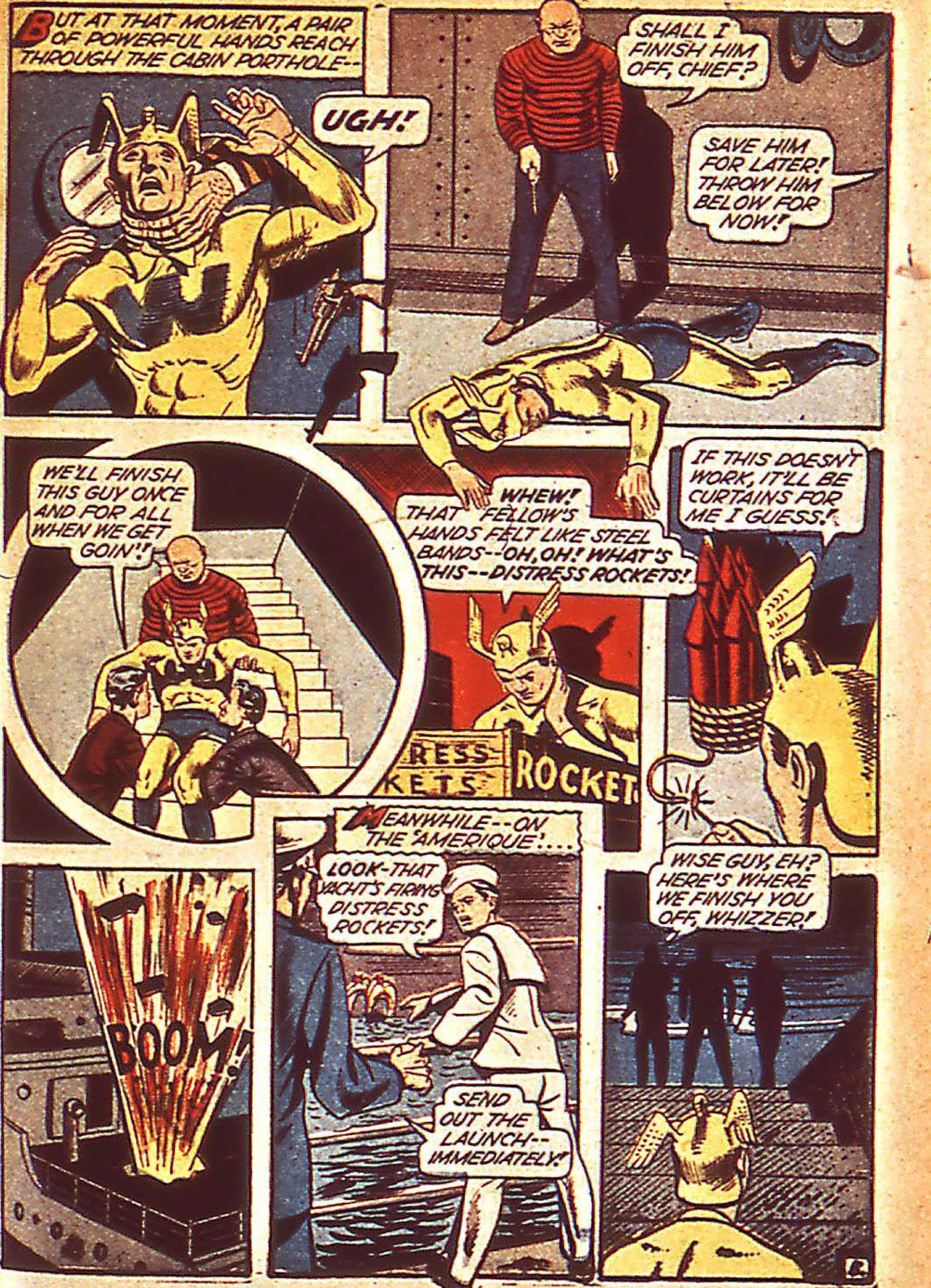
The WHIZZER and the DIAMOND of DEATH

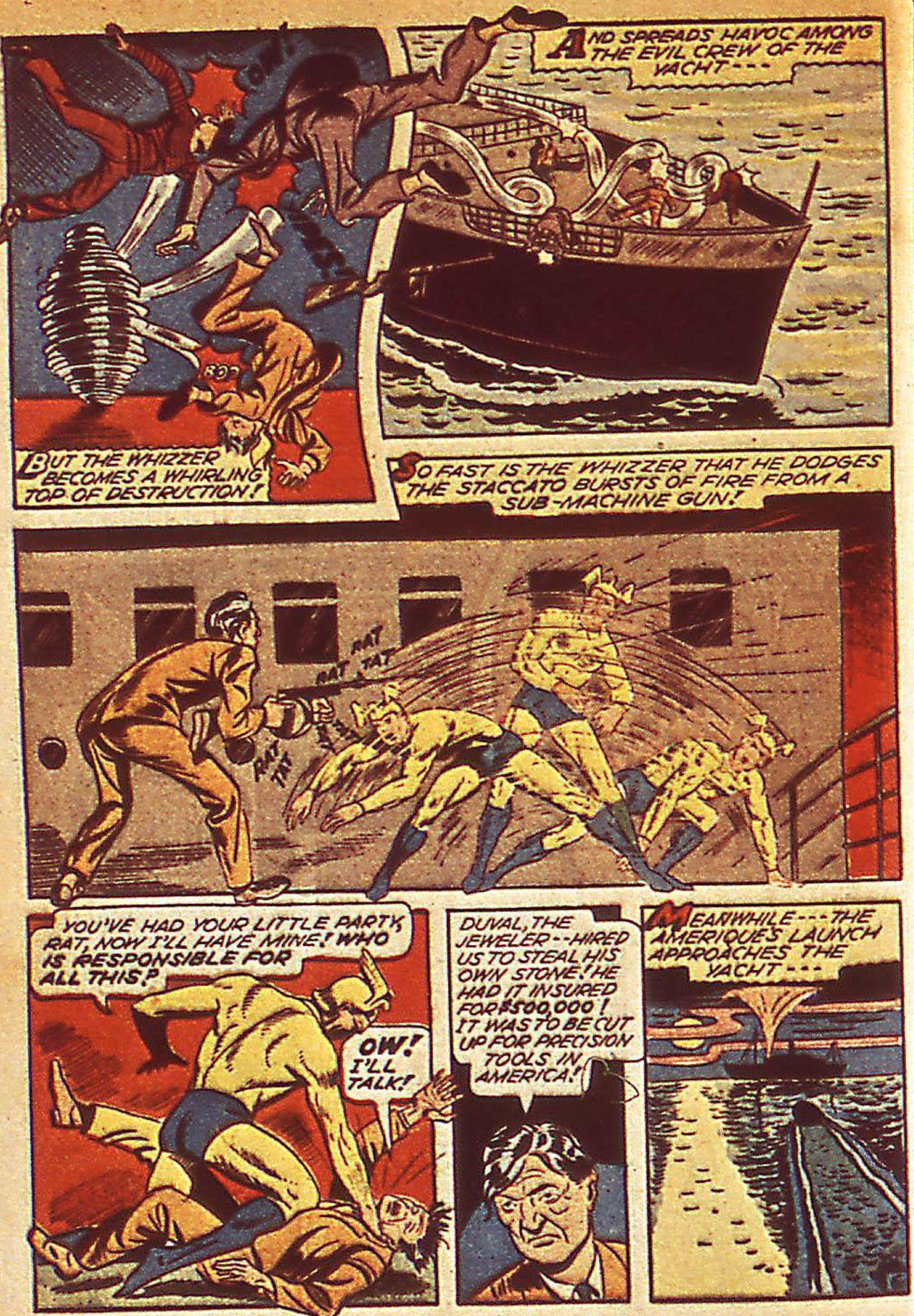

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS, AS A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES ALMOST SUCCEED IN STEALING THE FABULOUS KOHINOOR DIAMOND!
OUR STORY OPENS ON THE TRANS-ATLANTIC LUXURY LINER AMERIQUE AS IT PLOWS ITS WAY FORWARD TO AMERICA!
RETURNING FROM A QUIET EUROPEAN VACATION IS JACK ROBINSON, THE WHIZZER, ENJOYING A SUNDOWN VIEW ON THE AFT-DECK OF THE HUGE STEAMSHIP---

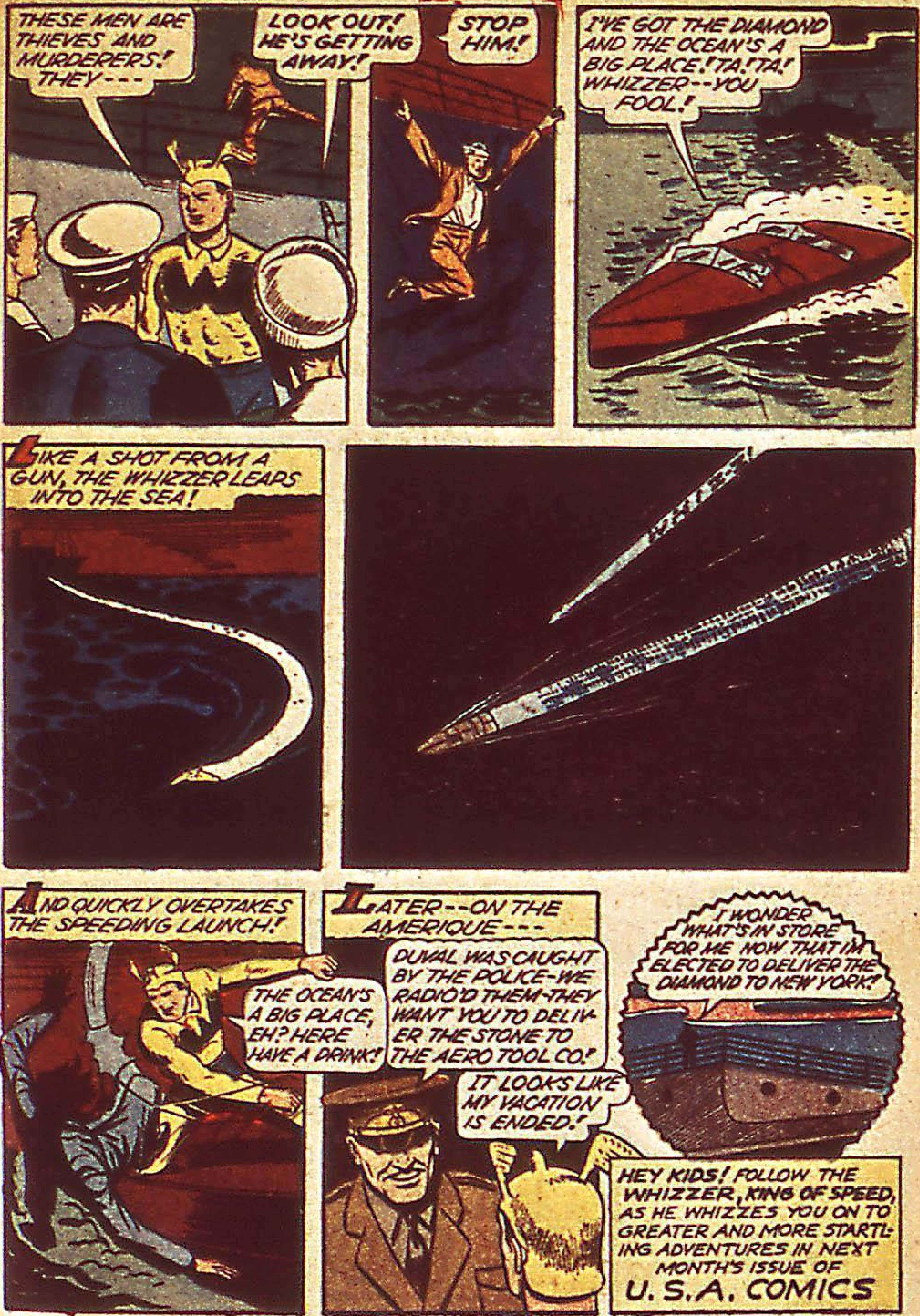

LET'S MOVE THE STORY BACK A FEW DAYS TO THE OFFICES OF DUVAL AND CARTIER, FAMOUS PARISIAN JEWELERS!
YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS CONCERNING THE DELIVERY OF THIS DIAMOND, LAMONT?
REMEMBER-- EVEN IF IT IS INSURED, GUARD IT WELL!
MY INSTRUCTIONS ARE TO DELIVER THIS DIAMOND TO THE AERO PRECISION TOOL CO. IN NEW YORK CITY! I AM NOT TO LEAVE MY STATEROOM DURING THE ENTIRE VOYAGE OF THE AMERIQUE!
CORRECT! NOW-- BEST OF LUCK AND GOD SPEED! YOU-- YOUR BOAT LEAVES IMMEDIATELY!
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN THE STATEROOM OF LAMONT, THE HIRED MESSENGER!
TWO DAYS MORE BEFORE I REACH NEW YORK! I WILL BE GLAD WHEN THIS JOB IS DONE!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A PORTHOLE SWINGS OPEN QUIETLY AND A HAND APPEARS WITH A KNIFE!
A QUICK FLICK OF THE WRIST, AND THE DEADLY KNIFE FINDS ITS MARK!
AGHRRR!
AND, THE SAME MURDEROUS HAND PLUCKS THE JEWEL FROM THE FLOOR!
HE'S DEAD! TAKE HIM OUT ON DECK AND THROW HIM OVERBOARD!
PSST! THERE'S A MAN OUT ON DECK!
I'LL FINISH HIM OFF-- MYSELF!

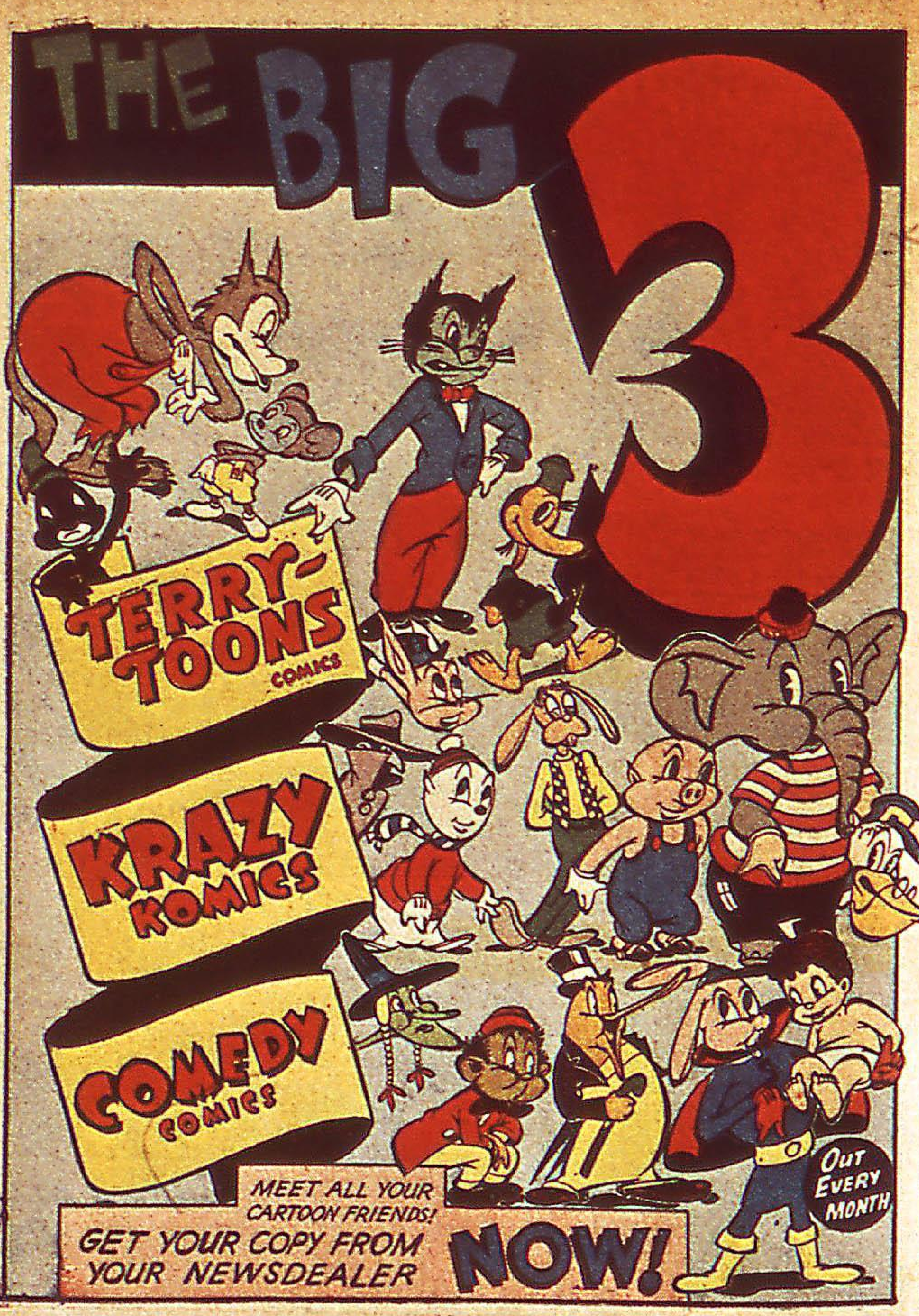

A BLOW FROM BEHIND QUICKLY FELLS JACK ROBINSON!
THUD!
GOOD WORK! TOSS THE TWO OF THEM OVER! THE YACHT'S ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE!
I'VE GOT TO STEER CLEAR OF THOSE PROPELLORS!
THROWING OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS, JACK BECOMES THE WHIZZER--THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE!
RECOVERING FROM HIS BLOW, JACK ROBINSON LEAPS INTO ACTION!
WHY WAS I TOSSED INTO THE OCEAN? I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING, FAST!


THE WHIZZER ZOOMS UP TO THE SURFACE!
OH--OH--A LIFE-BOAT AND A YACHT! THEY MUST BE THE ONES THAT KNOCKED ME OFF!
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE WHIZZER HEADS FOR THE YACHT--
HERE'S WHERE I GET THE LOWDOWN--
UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING OVERHEARD, THE THIEVES REVEAL THE WHOLE STORY!
SO WE BUMPED OFF LAMONT, THE MESSENGER! HERE'S THE ROCK!
WE HAD TO TOSS ANOTHER GUY OFF THE BOAT, TOO!
THE WHIZZER STREAKS INTO ACTION!
SO FAST DOES HIS PACE MAKING PUNCHES TRAVEL THAT THE THIEVES ARE STOPPED BEFORE THEY START---
TURN THIS YACHT AROUND AND HEAD FOR THE LINER, AMERIQUE!


BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A PAIR OF POWERFUL HANDS REACH THROUGH THE CABIN PORTHOLE--
UGH!
SHALL I FINISH HIM OFF, CHIEF?
SAVE HIM FOR LATER! THROW HIM BELOW FOR NOW!
WE'LL FINISH THIS GUY ONCE AND FOR ALL WHEN WE GET GOIN'!
WHEW! THAT FELLOW'S HANDS FELT LIKE STEEL BANDS--OH, OH! WHAT'S THIS--DISTRESS ROCKETS!
RESS KETS
ROCKET
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR ME I GUESS!
BOOM!
MEANWHILE--ON THE 'AMERIQUE'...
LOOK-THAT YACHT'S FIRING DISTRESS ROCKETS!
SEND OUT THE LAUNCH--IMMEDIATELY!
WISE GUY, EH? HERE'S WHERE WE FINISH YOU OFF, WHIZZER!


AND SPREADS HAVOC AMONG THE EVIL CREW OF THE YACHT---
OW!
WHISH!
BUT THE WHIZZER BECOMES A WHIRLING TOP OF DESTRUCTION!
SO FAST IS THE WHIZZER THAT HE DODGES THE STACCATO BURSTS OF FIRE FROM A SUB-MACHINE GUN!
RAT TAT
RAT TAT
RAT TAT
YOU'VE HAD YOUR LITTLE PARTY, RAT, NOW I'LL HAVE MINE! WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS?
OW! I'LL TALK!
DUVAL, THE JEWELER--HIRED US TO STEAL HIS OWN STONE! HE HAD IT INSURED FOR $500,000! IT WAS TO BE CUT UP FOR PRECISION TOOLS IN AMERICA!
MEANWHILE---THE AMERIQUE'S LAUNCH APPROACHES THE YACHT---


THESE MEN ARE THIEVES AND MURDERERS! THEY---
LOOK OUT! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
STOP HIM!
I'VE GOT THE DIAMOND AND THE OCEAN'S A BIG PLACE! TA! TA! WHIZZER--YOU FOOL!
LIKE A SHOT FROM A GUN, THE WHIZZER LEAPS INTO THE SEA!
AND QUICKLY OVERTAKES THE SPEEDING LAUNCH!
THE OCEAN'S A BIG PLACE, EH? HERE HAVE A DRINK!
LATER--ON THE AMERIQUE---
DUVAL WAS CAUGHT BY THE POLICE-WE RADIO'D THEM-THEY WANT YOU TO DELIVER THE STONE TO THE AERO TOOL CO!
IT LOOKS LIKE MY VACATION IS ENDED!
I WONDER WHAT'S IN STORE FOR ME NOW THAT I'M ELECTED TO DELIVER THE DIAMOND TO NEW YORK!
HEY KIDS! FOLLOW THE WHIZZER, KING OF SPEED, AS HE WHIZZES YOU ON TO GREATER AND MORE STARTLING ADVENTURES IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF U.S.A. COMICS


THE BIG 3
TERRY-TOONS COMICS
KRAZY KOMICS
COMEDY COMICS
MEET ALL YOUR CARTOON FRIENDS!
GET YOUR COPY FROM YOUR NEWSDEALER
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OUT EVERY MONTH

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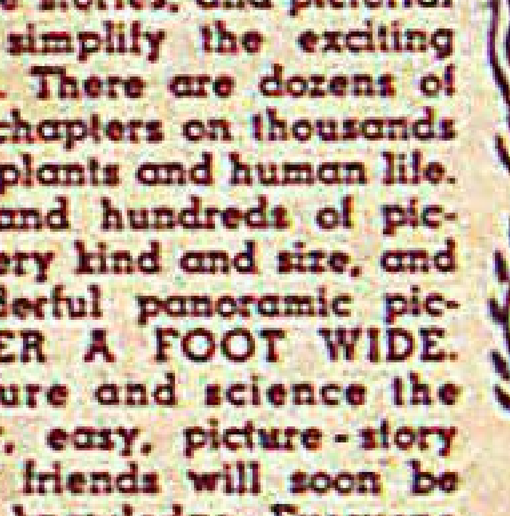

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